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ARTIST'S WIFE

By...
ANNE VERNON

"WELL," said Simon, "will you come and live with Alice?"
"I think," Terry answered, "that I'm much rather die."

"It's a lovely house— heaps of room for us all. And it would mean we could be together again."

"But Alice's house would be so perfect. And you know what our children are like. And—"

"You're just stalling," Simon said. "You can't produce one sound reason against it. What have you got against Alice, anyway?"

Terry wouldn't tell him. There are some fears too deep for a husband to know. Shameful fears. She lit a cigarette with fingers which trembled a little.

She was thirty, but she was still a tomboy, with curly dark hair and a merry face. She had been christened Theresa, but the nickname Terry had stayed with her since her school-days. A capable woman, Terry. A good wife for an impractical artist. A good mother for three hardy children. But no fashion plate.

"What's Alice like now?" she asked abruptly.

"Just the same," Simon said. "A little plumper perhaps—but that's an improvement, to my mind."

"And what about the house? Did you notice at all?"

"Not much," Simon confessed. "There are big rooms downstairs. Lots of flowers and so on. You'd be wonderfully comfortable there, Terry."

"I don't think so. I never am comfortable in other people's houses. Particularly large, luxurious houses. Anyhow, why should I live with Alice?"

"You wouldn't be. You'd be living with me."

"I wonder," Terry said.

"The roots of this question went too far back. Had Simon forgotten, or was he simply choosing to ignore the past? Ten years ago he'd been a struggling young artist with his name still to make. And Alice had been a much-photographed debutante, who'd drifted into their set by accident and lost her heart to Simon.

Alice had had everything. Terry thought. Real beauty, money, a pleasant background. Simon would have had an easy life and easy success if he'd married her. But he had chosen the harder way with

Terry. The road without money or influence.

There had been years of struggle. Years of living in studios and bringing up three children in unsuitable surroundings. Years of hard work and laughter.

Simon won recognition slowly. But when it came it was the right kind, the slow, considered praise of men whose judgment could not be swayed by money or by string-pulling. Now, at thirty-seven, he was an official war artist.

And this had meant that since the beginning of the war he and Terry had been separated. Simon had been in France, painting the troops who were rescued by the miracle of Dunkirk. He had been in Scotland, painting shipyards. He had been all over the country painting aerodromes.

Terry couldn't follow him, not with three children. She had evacuated herself to a Somerset farmhouse. But now Simon was going to Northam to make a series of drawings of a tank corps unit. And Alice, of all unhappy coincidences, lived in Northam.

"Why did Alice ask us?" Terry inquired.

"It was the obvious thing to do, when she knew I was going to be in Northam, wasn't it? She's had some evacuees, but their parents took them home just after Christmas. I expect she's lonely in that big house."

Alice had married a man on the Stock Exchange who was now in the Air Force. She had one child, a boy of seven, who was away at an expensive preparatory school. It was quite obvious, Terry thought, why she'd asked them all to stay. But not obvious in the way Simon meant.

"After all, it's a marvellous chance for us to be together," Simon said. "You will come, won't you?"
"It was a challenge. Reluctantly, forebodingly, Terry accepted it.

"I'll come," she said.
Alice Daunt's house was wonderful. Spacious, shining with parquet and soft with thick carpets.

Terry stood in the hall with Tom and Peter and Ann, and felt as

though she belonged at the back-door peddling shoe-laces.

"Darling!" Alice said. "It is so nice to see you! And you haven't changed at all. Still the same little tom-boy!"

She looked younger than Terry now, though she was actually the same age. And she had changed, in spite of Simon's assertions. She was infinitely more sophisticated.

"It will be lovely to have someone in the nursery again," Alice said. "I hope you'll like it. Shall we go straight up?"

"It's wonderful," Terry said honestly, when she looked at the white-painted sunny rooms. It wasn't a nursery. It was a flat. Day nursery, night nursery, bathroom, and kitchenette.

"You're more than welcome to it," Alice said sweetly.

Yes, Terry thought. To the nursery. Not to anything else.

Time went softly and easily in Alice's house. Terry lived mostly in the nursery, sharing its unfamiliar glory with her children.

"Such a devoted mother!" Alice often remarked. Terry raged inwardly, but could think of no retort.

Alice herself was elegantly busy. War work. The decorous sort of work which involved sitting on committees and arranging dull jobs for other people.

Simon was out all day sketching, or at work in the room Alice had had cleared for a studio. After tea he came to the nursery and played with the children. But they weren't part of his life any more. Terry thought. Not as they had been in the big untidy studio at home, where their toys lived in a cupboard under the model throne. Simon never offered to give them their tea, nowadays, or help to put them to bed.

And after all, there was no need for him to do so. Terry had every gadget, from an electric washing machine downstairs to heated towel rails in the nursery bathroom, to make her work easy. And there was one housemaid whose only duty was to wait on the nursery.

Comfort. Luxury. But Terry's heart ached for the old untidy, easy ways she had always known. Going down in the evening, when the children were in bed, she would usually find Simon and Alice drinking sherry in the drawing-room. Simon relaxed and at peace with the world, after a long day's work; Alice composed and elegant in an outrageously becoming gown.

They talked of art, in those quiet evenings, and of life. Slow, unhurried talk. Terry never remembered hearing Simon so conversational.

And behind all the words, throbbing in the hunky notes of Alice's golden voice, was the eternal theme of love. It was the one absorbing interest of her life.

When they had been about six weeks in Northam, Alice mentioned the dance. It was only a small private affair, she said carelessly. She didn't suppose Terry and Simon would care to go.

Simon adored dancing. He said at once that of course he wanted to go.

"What about you?" Alice said to



When Terry came in, Simon's whole attention was focused on Alice.

Terry. "Can you trust the children to someone else?"

"Of course I could. But I don't think I'll come thank you very much. Dancing's not in my line."

"I see," Alice said sweetly. But later, alone in her bedroom, Terry changed her mind. After all—why shouldn't she go? Why not take Alice on at her own game?

She planned her campaign carefully. A new dress, an expensive one, chosen for once without regard for its long-wearing qualities. A fragile chiffon, scarlet as flame. It made Terry look dangerous and vivid.

ON the day of the dance she had her wild hair curled fantastically high. A little make-up, she thought, and those heavy gold earrings that were Aunt Mary's.

But first there were the children to put to bed. Ann had a cold, and had spent the day indoors. She was fretful and looked feverish. Terry took her temperature, but it was only two degrees up. Nothing to worry about as long as she was kept warm. Children ran temperatures for nothing at all.

Nevertheless, Terry moved Ann's cot into the day nursery. If it should turn to something infectious there was no point in the other two being exposed. Then, resolutely, she put the children out of her head and went to dress. Simon had already gone downstairs. She was glad. She wanted to make an entrance, to startle Simon with her unfamiliarity.

But Simon noticed nothing when she walked into the drawing-room. His whole attention was focused on Alice. She was looking magnificent, Terry had to admit. She wore black velvet, cut low on her white shoulders, and no jewellery at all. Her golden hair shone like

a coronet upon her head. She looked regal. And Terry suddenly felt like a gipsy, loud and vulgar.

At dinner she tried to be gay and sparkling, but Alice's queenly presence and slow, seductive voice drove every light conversational idea from her head. She lapsed into silence and felt her excitement about the evening slowly ebbing from her.

"It's strange," Simon was saying. "color means so much to me. I've never cared much about black for women's clothes. But you, Alice, should never wear anything else. It's the perfect setting for your own wonderful coloring."

Terry knew that Simon was unaware of his tactlessness. Why he had not even noticed her own flaming-bombard dress!

She drew him a little aside at the dining-room door. "I don't know that I feel like dancing, after all," she said.

His eyebrows went up. "You can't very well back out now. Alice has arranged everything. Of course you must come."

She turned away without speaking and ran upstairs. She knew she was behaving like a spoiled child, refusing to play because she couldn't have the leading part in the game. She would go, if only to keep her dignity and self-respect.

Ann was awake in the day nursery, tossing and muttering. Her round little face was very flushed. She coughed and there was a wheezing in her breathing. Terry took her temperature. A hundred and three.

Terry rang the bell for the nurserymaid.

"Phone the doctor, will you?" she asked the girl. "And tell Mrs. Daunt or my husband Ann's not well, and I shan't be going to the dance."

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Beneath the Beaufighter, the enemy plane was hurtling downward in flames.

Duty Flight, Stand By!

THE room was low and starkly theatrical in its contrasts of lights and shadows. The figures were ill-assorted and lacked evidence of careful selection. Some were chubby and sprawled. Some were lean and hunched forward with their heads cradled in the palms of their hands.

One had to surmise they had faces. There was nothing certain about it. They were mostly masks set above the folds of turtle-neck sweaters or mounted crudely above the knots of gaudy mufflers.

The mark of the night-fighter was on them.

Possibly it was the large dark glasses. They produced a weird basilisk effect. Night-fighters are like that when you first spot them adjusting their vision for nocturnal missions. Night-fighter blokes are the top-drawer gamblers of the air; and the pilots and gunners of No. 45 Squadron were no exception to the rule.

They craded 20mm. dice with enemy raiders, placed their faith in the advice and orders that came from the radio-locators, and gambled a month's pay on their chances of downing fifty enemy machines before the Defiant mob over at No. 185.

They also enjoyed less dangerous means of compounding a profit, by staking shillings on their ability to determine just what composition was being scraped from a set of tortured catgut strung across a small bridge of beech.

For Flying-Officer Chadwick sat near the card table in the attitude of a delayed-action question mark, drawing a peeling bow across the fuzzy strings of his violin.

Red Sails in the Sunset" ventured P.O. Campion, placing his coin down on the table with the others.

The indistinct figure with the instrument wagged its head negatively and continued the scraping: "Your turn, Miller."

A lanky fellow, with the ribbon of the D.P.C. beneath his wings and the top button of his tunic studiously left undone to denote his exalted status as a fighter pilot—uncolled, planked his wager down on the board and bravely played his stake: "It's an old one. Something out of 'Cavalcade.' That's it! 'Oh, I Do Like To Be Beside the Seaside.' ... Right?"

Chadwick valved a profound sigh and wagged "No" again. "Your

turn, Williamson. Good heavens, am I this bad?"

"I think it must be your bow. Is there any hair on it?" demanded Williamson, getting to his feet and digging deep for his shilling. "I'm just making a stab at this one. Thought I caught the theme of it once, but you seem to lose interest once you get it revving. I'd say you're playing 'Rhapsody in Blue.' How's that?"

Chadwick began a mournful tremolo and looked at the next gambler.

Bristo's coin went spinning across the table: "I don't know why I should always be so lucky," he laughed. "Anyone can tell what he's playing. That's the chorus of 'Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee.'"

"Thanks, Bristo," said Chadwick with doleful appreciation. "I can't understand the others."

Flight-Lieutenant Bristo swept the shillings across the table into his palm, and sat down carefully again: "I'll be able to buy myself off next time," he added. "Two silly Home Guards, staking about with rifles and whisks the minute I entangled myself from the shroud-lines."

"What are you talking about?" queried Miller, inspecting the fastenings of his Mae West.

"Us—the other night when we had to jump. Hun put a packet in our elevator hinges, and we went jinking about all over the shop upside down.

Pool Home Guards were soon poking their toasting-forks at me for a spy!"

"Serves you right!" smirked Willy-Nilly Williamson. "Why didn't you ram the swine? We'd have fifty now."

"I was trying to get back. Had a date with a little A.T.S. girl. I think she's on radio-locator down at Ops."

"Bet she's the one who sent me out over Twickenham the other night. Nearly slogged me into a runaway kite balloon! Take Area Six ... Twenty thousand. Take Area Six ... Twenty thousand, mimicked Miller in a fussy strain."

Williamson produced a pained grimace behind his glasses. "I rather like that girl's voice myself," he said. "I'll bet she's a very nice girl. Besides, we ought to keep in with those radio-locator people. They can put a lot of stuff our way."

"Rather!" boomed Campion. "They



can send you boppe into a formation of Jerry's as quick as winking. Rather a nice thought, that."

"Nabbed for a spy?" Miller asked Bristo again. "What did they do?"

"Well, I tried to explain, but they weren't buying any. Made me walk miles to a pub, where a policeman asked me a lot of silly-ass questions, most of which I couldn't answer—so he let me go!"

"Presuming, of course, that such ignorance could only be found in a bona-fide Raf-chap," muttered Miller. "Try buying them a drink next time. That always works."

"That's bribery," growled Williamson, polishing his glasses. "I wish something would happen!"

"Well, you might go upstairs and get us a Hun. Wing's been waiting on it for days now. That Defiant

mob will beat us to it yet," Campion warned.

"I got the last. That was forty-nine. If we keep in with those Radio-locator girls, maybe we'll—Hello! There goes Loftquist! He's Red Dog-Four, isn't he?"

The speaker set high into the wall had crept, and the velvet smooth voice of feminine authority gave operations orders: "Red Dog-Four ... Calling Red Dog-Four! Junkers-38 in your area. Your vector, 180. Bend it twenty right!"

"That's the blither who sends me into Area 6," Miller began again. "Thanks, Pipeclay," the Beaufighter pilot answered, giving the operations station code name.

"About time we had some business. Here we go for No. 50!"

"Just one more, Loftquist," Williamson breathed again.

"The Defiants have forty-eight!" yelled a gunner, rolling a map with nervous fingers.

The speaker rasped again, and they began to remove their night-

glasses as if they hoped that clearer vision would aid their hearing. The blasphemous battle-cries of the Canadian pilot spanked off the vibrator plates and they all grinned. "We only want one, Loftquist. Just shoot him down, painlessly. Don't try to frighten him to death!"

"Warning! Red Dog-Four, a warning ... Friendly machines in your area," the Radio-locator operator advised.

"Defiants!" Miller growled. "Beat them to it, Loftquist!"

There were several minutes of irritating silence in the small hut.

No one noticed the door opening at the far end.

"Come on, Loftquist!" roared Williamson, pleading to the loud-speaker. "We only need one, man!"

There was another period of strained uncertainty. They listened with their hands gripping the worn arms of their chairs, their eyes straining towards the receding lips of the speaker above. They were trying to outwit the toughest argument to refute, that of silence.

"Come on, Loftquist!"

The speaker responded with a grate of metal: "Calling Pipeclay! Calling Pipeclay! ... Red Dog-Four, calling Pipeclay. Gunner has been wounded. Gunner wounded! Willing to remain in action, but bleeding badly. Can we obtain permission—"

"Curse it!" growled Miller. "Didn't he get him?"

"Red Dog-Four!" the feminine Ops voice called: "Return to station. Red Dog-Four, return to station. Have switched action to Number

Eleven Group. Return, Red Dog-Four!"

"Hard lines! Hard lines," Williamson ranted. "Now that Defiant mob will get him. That'll make forty-nine for them."

There was a sudden distinct smell of camphor in the room.

"That was my daughter, Junie," a voice behind them said. "She told me the squadron was here at Caxton Gibbet."

"Good heavens!" Williamson said, putting on his glasses and then taking them off again. "Where did you drop from?"

"I'm reporting in again," the man said simply. "I'm quite all right now. Where can I find the major?"

"Major?" Miller asked, twisting with a creak in his wicker chair. "There's no majors in this mob. Bit late, aren't you?"

The man moved slowly into the centre of the room. He was probably fifty, and yet there were the uncertain movements of an older man about him. He wore a double-breasted khaki tunic, buttoned high. A Sam Browne belt gleamed with

tawny polish. Across his left breast was a pair of faded embroidered wings. In the centre of the laurel wreath were the letters, "R.F.C." Below them, the watered ribbons of a campaign that had ended more than two decades before.

He stood there squinting at their Mae Wests and short flying-boots, and then stared down at his own thin puttee-wrapped legs, and carefully pulled out the flare of his breeches.

The unpleasantness coming from the loud-speaker was ignored as they peered at this ghost of another war standing before them.

"Isn't this Number Forty-five Squadron?" the man pleaded. "My daughter said we were here. Why were we sent back from France?"

"What the deuce is this?" demanded Campion. "He's an old Royal Flying Corps bloke!"

"How did he get past the guard?" Miller asked.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute," broke in Williamson, dominating the scene. "We have here, gentlemen, a replacement of whom we should be proud. The length of a war is relative. We lose a member in good standing to the enemy guns. His story repeats itself and, lo, another returns to fill his place. Come here, sir. Sit down!"

Miller stared up at Williamson and then observed: "Now if only old Chadwick could scrape out, 'The British Grenadiers.'"

"Thank you," the old man said, the corner of his lower lip quivering. "I may be a bit late, but it was a long walk, you know. Is the adjutant here?"

"Where'd you walk from, Dad?" inquired Campion.

"Dad?" the old-timer questioned. "You're not—I have only a daughter. That was Junie speaking, just then."

"I'll be blitzed! His daughter," Miller gasped.

"Were you in Number 45, sir?" asked Williamson respectfully.

"Of course! But we were in France then, just outside St. Omer. Well, you know, Estree Blanche. Are we back at Home Establishment?"

"Well, it's a long story, sir," Williamson parried. Then he turned and stared pointedly at Miller: "Get it?"

"He's right! They were at Estree Blanche in 1916. I read it in the old squadron records."

"The old bird's potty! I'll bet he wants to fly again," Campion said behind the shield of his hand.

"I was shot down, and the Jerry got away," the man went on like something being scratched from an old wax record. "I suppose I crashed. I know my gunner was wounded. We were flying Bristol Fighters."

Please turn to page 4



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He peered about and searched each face in turn. "I've had quite a time in hospital, but I think I'm all right now. Can I see the major?" the old man went on, his fingers trembling.

Williamson was sensing the compression of time in the man's memory. He realised that some power had gained control and was playing a forgotten tune on the strings of remembrance.

The loud-speaker on the wall was recording the return of Loftquist and his wounded gunner, but somehow none of them got up to assist. Only two beams of realisation snapped signals through their minds.

The Defiant crowd might get that Ju-88, and here before them was a communication with the past most of them had wondered about.

"Perhaps I can help you until the major comes in, sir," Williamson said pleasantly, and flipped a signal pad from his pocket. "Your name?"

The old man rose, stood to attention: "Fenn, sir, Second-Lieutenant A. G. Fenn—reporting for duty."

"Home address?"

"Willow Cottage, Castlethorpe, Bucks," the man said as though he were trying to remember.

Williamson jotted down and shot a warning glance at the rest of them. "Age?" he went on.

"Twenty-three and four-twelfths, sir." Second-Lieutenant Fenn replied.

"Oh, I say—" began Miller.

"Quiet!" admonished Williamson. "That's all, Fenn. You can break off now. Don't suppose you thought to bring your logbook?"

"It's still here, sir. I brought it the first time."

"Of course," the young pilot caught himself. "And did you walk from—or—Castlethorpe, sir?"

"Oh, yes. You see my daughter told me where the squadron was, and I had to get here."

"My aunt!" And Camplin twisted around. "That's about forty miles."

"And your daughter is on radio-locators?"

"Junie? Oh, yes... Queer that, because when I went out she seemed a baby. I can't quite understand that."

"You'll soon catch on to it," said Williamson cheerfully.

The beating thud of Hercules engines chartered over the roof and the metallic beat of a station speaker outside warned the night crews to stand by for the incoming Beaufighter. The floodlighting lorry moved grumbling into position, and waited for the navigation light signal from Red Dog-Four before snapping on the landing flare.

"You'd better come out and have a look at this," Miller said to old Fenn. "We have another bloke coming back with a wounded gunner."

"Gunnery do cop it, don't they?" Fenn said, creaking out of the wicker again. "I'll come along. Perhaps I can give a hand."

The Bristol Beaufighter appeared suddenly and cleaved through the silver curtain of the flood. She seemed to falter and dab her wheels gingerly against the fringe of the turf as though she was trying to get her cargo down as comfortably as possible. Her brakes wailed and the duty sergeant snapped off the flare and the night-fighter disappeared. She came back again out of the sable nothingness, grunting and snorting.

The ambulance, wailing mournfully, screwed around and backed slowly towards the fuselage.

The pilot, all leather and legs, dropped down through the hatch hinged below his cockpit and moved back in a crouching position after where he waited for the gunner to lower his escape trap. The rest crowded around and watched Loftquist guide the gunner's feet into the ladder rungs bolted to the inside of the hatch door.

They moved in, caught the man, and gave him support. He came

Duty Flight. Stand By!

Continued from page 3

down a limp, soggy bundle, rubbing his face with his glove.

"Never mind! Never mind!" Loftquist was growling. "It can't be helped. You're lucky to have stuck it this long."

"We only needed one more, sir," the sergeant gunner was muttering through his clenched teeth. "I could have hung on a few more minutes."

"Better hunting next time. Here you are, Corporal. Give a lift here. He's got two just under the ribs."

"Can I see the adjutant first?" the gunner was anuffing. "I just want to make sure I come back to this lot. They might send me to the bombers."

"Gunnery always hate to be transferred," old Fenn whispered confidentially to Williamson, who was inspecting the stitching of bullet-holes along the curved belly of Loftquist's Beaufighter.

"He's a bit groggy. Wants to come back and help us get Number Fifty," Williamson said, fingering a slug-hole.

"Number Fifty?"

"We're having a game with a Defiant mob. We have knocked down forty-nine since we have been night-fighting. They have forty-eight. We're all having a month's pay on it. You know—a bit of a sweepstakes."

Old Fenn mused on that for some minutes while he watched the ambulance move away. "Rather hard lines that I missed that one over Peronne, wasn't it? We would have had fifty then, wouldn't we?" he reflected with childish enthusiasm.

"Peronne? You were over Peronne?" Williamson came back and remembered. "Of course. That would have put us over, wouldn't it? We'd be spending the money by now."

"I can still see him," Fenn went on, oblivious of the activity bubbling and surging about him: "I can see him clearly. A Fokker with a green tail. I have my sights on him. He was coming right across the outer ring. I had him dead on, but your Beecham cut across me!" His right thumb depressed a phantom gun-button, and his body teetered forward.

Williamson caught him just in time. "Here, take it easy," he warned.

"You don't think I shot young Beecham down, do you?" old Fenn whispered, one hand clutching the young pilot's shoulder. "You don't think—it was an accident, wasn't it? I can see my prop now—chewing up his wing-tip. He went down in a flat spin, and I—I just managed to get back and pile up near the canal. You know, where it goes under the ground at Bullecourt?"

Williamson was glorying in the satisfactory flux of a gleaming idea. He subscribed to the theory that truth may be stranger than fiction, and he was not above giving the log-up to truth, since there was a sporting chance of doubling the stake the pilots and gunner of No. 45 had posted against the efforts of the Defiant crowd.

"I don't think you could have shot him down," he said soothingly. "I mean to say, in a case like that, your reflexes would have concentrated on trying to clear him."

Fenn nodded uncertainly. "I never found out what happened to Beecham. They packed me off to a casualty clearing-station. Whatever happened to him?"

"I think he's all right now," the Beaufighter pilot said evasively. "Look here, wouldn't you like to look over our new equipment?"

"I really should report to the adjutant first," Fenn said, turning slowly.

"But you ought to look it over, you know. They'll ask you about it, and you should know. You don't want to go on reserve and spend weeks getting used to this bus, do you?"

Fenn blinked twice and followed Williamson dubiously along the fringe of willows that dropped their slender fingers into the brook behind the dispersal area. They passed an alder thicket and came upon another night-fighter nestling away with its tail drawn into the darkness.

A sentry challenged them with routine indifference.

"Duty Pilot Williamson and—er—Mr Fenn, just taken on strength, Cooper. I'm showing him my

"Reassigned to strength of the squadron," corrected Fenn.

"Of course! Lieutenant Fenn has been with us before, when we were in France, and we're very glad to have him back," explained Williamson.

"Yes, sir," the mystified sentry said, slapping the breech of his rifle in salute and pivoting on his heel.

"You won't have much trouble up front, of course," Williamson said quietly as he drew down the rear belly hatch. "These buses handle a good deal like the Bristol Fighter. The main difference is in the double-throttle-bar. Two engines, you know. But you'll be interested in the rear gun-turret. Might as well know something about that."

"It's very kind of you," old Fenn said, clambering up.

Williamson directed him to the saddle seat of the dorsal gun-turret. He showed him how to direct the lateral control with the foot pedals, and the use of the elevation gear.

"We are now using Brownings," he explained further. "They fire from this release here, and you—well, you carry on whenever you get a target."

"You mean, my gunner does," corrected Fenn again.

"Exactly! But you know how it is here now. We all have a go at the guns in an emergency. They might send you off once or twice as a gunner, until you get the feel of this night-fighter business."

"I think I should like that. A splendid idea. A sound system," agreed Fenn. "But then we always did have a sound system in 45, didn't we?"

Old Fenn went over every inch of the night-fighter. It amazed Williamson to note how well this faded mind bridged the years; how the hands somehow went to the right knobs and levers.

"Now on the Bristol Fighter, we simply slap the pilot on one shoulder or the other," old Fenn explained. "I can see this will be more comfortable. I'm sure I shall like the Beaufighter."

"I'm sure you will," said Williamson encouragingly. "We'd better get back to the pilots' room now, eh?"

Please turn to page 28

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No. 7/43

Applicants must not be disappointed in the national interest they are not admitted because of the inadequacy of their present employment.

TRANSPORTED to New South Wales for highway robbery, HUGH TALLANT is allowed to farm a little settlement at Blackwattle Bay with TOM OAKLEY, his fellow highwayman, NELLIE GARTH, their accomplice, and the smuggler, DAN GOODWIN, and his wife and child. Also among the convicts are Oakley's great friends NICK SABB and NED INCHING.

Hugh is in love with GALLY MUNRO, daughter of a political prisoner who died on the voyage out. Tom marries PHOEBE THYNNE, who came out with her convict parents, MR and MRS. MORTIMER THYNNE, but she eventually deserts him and her baby son, sailing secretly back to England.

Now a second fleet of convict ships has arrived, and among the convicts Nellie discovers her foster-child, NAT, dying of neglect and starvation.

Hugh continues his narrative:

WE brought Nat straight to our place at Blackwattle Bay. That was on a Monday night, and all the rest of the week Nellie nursed him, never leaving the room for more than a moment or two. She knew from the first, I think, that there was little hope, but she clung to his life for him, heartening and encouraging him in every way she could.

Nat was conscious all the while, but so weak that he scarce had the strength to speak above a whisper. He died on Saturday morning, with Nellie sitting by him, holding his hand, and we buried him the same day, on a green rise, shaded by one tall gum-tree, overlooking the cove.

Garth shed no tears in our presence, then or later. She walked away while Goodwin and I were filling the grave, and was gone till nightfall.

On the next day, Sunday, Garth had gone to the grave to plant a border of shrubs around it. She wanted no help in this task, and Tom and I were sitting in the dooryard watching the distant, lonely figure. Presently we saw Nick Sabb coming along the path from Sydney, accompanied by a man and a woman, who, we guessed, were convicts arrived in one of the transports. Their name was Peters, and they had come out in the Neptune. Before the transport had left Portsmouth Mrs. Peters had been entrusted with a letter for Mistress Nellie Garth, and she was bound to deliver it into the hands of no one else.

Mrs. Goodwin and Dan, seeing the visitors, came over from their house, and Tommy Goodwin was sent for Garth.

Then Nellie was standing in the doorway.

"Be ye Mrs. Garth?" asked the woman.

Nellie nodded, without speaking.

"Then this letter's yours, ma'am." Garth took the letter, turning it over slowly in her hands; then she put it in her petticoat pocket. "Ye came in the Neptune?" she asked.

"And ye saw my boy, times, on the voyage?"

"Not me, for I was among the women, but my man was chained next to the lad the five months long."

"Chained?" asked Nellie, in a cold, hard voice.

"Nellie, there's naught to be gained in speaking of the voyage," said Tom, "for it's done with and past mending. . . . Will ye tell us, Mrs. Peters, or yer husband, if ye know what the lad was sent for?"

"Wait," said Garth, in the same cold, even voice. "This is my affair, and I'll know what happened to my boy."

"Chained?" she repeated, turning to Peters.

"The man now spoke for the first time, in a dead voice. 'We was all in chains, ma'am, from the time we left England till the day afore we reached the land here.'"

"Ye lay next my boy?" Garth asked.

"Nellie, there's no need to go into it now," Tom began, but Garth cut him short.

"Hush! I'll have the truth!"

"Then ye shall have it, Mrs. Garth," said the woman. "Dick, speak up now and tell her the whole of it."

Then, in a dull voice, with the air of one that no longer had the strength to feel grief or anger or horror, the husband told us the story of the voyage. It was a tale of cruelty, greed and indifference on the part of Captain Narker and his underlings in the Neptune.

Garth heard him through, asking



BOTANY BAY

By . . .

C. NORDHOFF and J. N. HALL

Breaking free of all restraint, the convicts wildly charged the prison door.

put upon full rations once more, and every convict, male and female, received a new blanket, a pair of shoes and an outfit of clothing.

Word got about that the missing papers with the date of conviction and the terms of service of the First Fleet convicts had arrived with the despatches, but no word was given out from Government House.

Goodwin waited, but as day followed day and none of the orders or proclamations mentioned the free-men, Goodwin gathered half a dozen of those whose time, like his own, was out, and a petition was prepared and signed by them, humbly begging an audience with Governor Phillip. This was granted, and once more Dan, with Bella's help, dressed himself in his old wedding suit and set out for Sydney.

He returned late in the evening. It was like the other time he had gone so hopefully to see the Governor, thinking that he would be free to return home by the Fishburn; but on this second occasion there were none of us asleep when he came home. Bella ran to the door when we heard his step, and the moment we saw his face we knew what he had to tell.

Goodwin fumbled in his coat pocket and drew out a document, which he handed to her in silence. She quickly opened and read it, her face lighting up as her eyes ran over the lines.

"But . . . ye're free! Here it is, writ out, with the Governor's name and the stamp and all!"

"Aye, so it is, but we're not to go. We're not ever to go, if so be they can hold us here." His eyes blazed with anger. "The villains! The dirty rogues! I'm free. There's the paper to say it. My time's out. But home's thousands of leagues off, and how are we to get there?"

"But ye've money for the passage, Dan," said Oakley. "And here's the ships."

"Aye, but they won't take us. I

been to every one. They say it's not allowed, in the charter, to carry any free-men home."

"Hold hard," said Oakley. "I'll get this straight. What did you do?"

"When we'd left the Governor's we spent the day going from one ship to the other. We showed our discharge papers, signed by the Governor and stamped with the great seal. They'd have none of it. 'Twas against the terms of the charter, they said, to take any passengers."

"I went last to the captain of the Neptune, and hard I found it to ask a favor of the black-hearted rogue. I was about to go out to the ship when I spied him comin' ashore with his purser. As ye know, they've set up a shop in a marquee on the west side of the cove to sell ventures they brought out on their own and the food they stole on the voyage from the convicts. I followed 'em there, and spoke to this Captain Narker, but I cursed myself, after, for all he said was we could rot here. None should go home in his ship."

"He was at the marquee when ye left?" Garth asked.

"He sleeps there," said Goodwin. "Tom, Garth and I walked over to our own house, with no word spoken among us save Nellie's 'Good night to ye,' as she went into her own room."

It was about nine o'clock and the air biting cold; I lay awake for half an hour, perhaps, and the next thing I knew it was morning.

Nellie was nowhere about. We called at her door, but there was no answer. We had breakfast without her; none of us inclined to talk, for thinking of the events of the day before. When he had finished his breakfast, Goodwin went to the door.

"What's this?" he said. "Here's Mortimer Thynne comin'!"

Please turn to page 18

THE PERFECT MENACE

When a gorgeous blonde strolled across her husband's path, Janet suddenly stepped into the role of super-strategist.

SOON or late to every married man comes the staggering conviction that he has married the wrong woman. It came to Andrew Hollister, jun., in his own cellar on a crisp November afternoon at precisely twenty-two minutes past six.

Up to that point the Hollisters had been happily married for about four years. They lived in a little house overlooking the salt marshes of Long Island Sound, with two children—Sally, three years old and Vicky, nine months—Opal, their black jewel of a cook, and Mrs. Chips, their equally black but much less dictatorial Labrador retriever.

At twenty minutes past six on this fateful day Andy Hollister came home tired, happy, and still in love

with his wife. He had, of course, deserted her that afternoon—it was a Saturday—to play some end-of-the-season tennis with the Lamberts, who needed a fourth.

But his conscience was comfortably elastic, and on such occasions he stretched it by reminding himself of the sacrifice he underwent to make life in the country possible for his family. Besides, the Lamberts' visitor had turned out to be one Phoebe Jackson, a poised young divorcee who had managed to convey the distinct impression that Andy Hollister, married or not, was still tall, dark, reasonably handsome.

With this impression still happily in mind, young Mr. Hollister parked Lazarus—the venerable jalopy resurrected from the local junk pile—behind his wife's not-quite-paid-

for sedan. He sniffed the cold salt breeze off the marshes. He made a mental note that the wind was right for duck hunting on the morrow. Then he went whistling into the house.

He looked into the living-room and noted with approval the empty play pen, which meant that the children were in bed. Then he crossed the room and looked into the kitchen. Neither his wife nor Opal was in evidence, but from the cellar arose an ominous clanking sound. Pleased, he opened the cellar door and descended the steep stairs.

The time, if he had noted it, was exactly six twenty-one.

In front of the furnace Janet Hollister grimly awaited her husband's arrival. Before her, on a newspaper, a pile of bleached and dusty ashes. In her hands the clumsy coal shovel. A smudge of soot ran down the soft line of her cheek and across her determined jaw.

On occasion, young Mrs. Hollister could be very glamorous indeed. Now, to put it mildly, she was not. Her brown eyes were red with dust. Even her dark hair looked indignant.

"Well!" she said in that explosive monosyllable of contempt and anger

that wives have reserved for their husbands through the ages.

"Well," echoed Andy blankly. "Where's Opal?" He didn't really care where Opal was; he was simply reminding Janet that the furnace was not his province.

"Opal's gone," snapped Janet. "Her brother's sick. And this thing went out. And there's no supper. And Sally gave Vicky a marble and I think she swallowed it. And it's all your fault!"

Andy surveyed the woman he had sworn to cherish. Without conscious volition on his part, his mind suddenly conjured up a vision of Phoebe Jackson as he had seen her last, bare-legged and delectable in tennis shorts, golden braids—not a hair out of place—wound sleekly around her head.

"My fault?" Janet threw down the shovel with a vicious clang. "Look at this furnace! Cold. Dead. Where have you been? Don't tell me you've been playing tennis all this time."

Andy made an ill-judged attempt to oil the delicate mechanism of marriage with humor. "I met my dream girl," he said. "Blonde. Beautiful legs. A superb backhand, and—"

"That's just dandy!" Janet was definitely not amused. "That's just

fine. You play tennis with blondes and I stoke the furnace. I nurse and cook and run this menagerie, and you can't even come home on time! If that's your idea of marriage you can have it!" She stamped up the stairs.

Andy forgot that he had dragged his wife out of bed at five o'clock that morning to go duck hunting with him. He forgot the wear and tear on female nerves of two small children. His mind was full of the bitter thought that his wife looked like a scarecrow and acted like a shrew.

He leaned down and savagely picked up the shovel. He addressed the cavernous maw of the furnace. "Boy, was I a sucker!" he said. The revelation was complete. The time was exactly six twenty-two.

They patched it up after a fashion, the way most married couples have to do. They spoke seldom as possible, avoiding each other's eyes, but Andy set the table and opened a can of soup while Janet washed her face and put some of her hair back where it belonged. Then they sat down at opposite ends of the table and dourly thought very similar thoughts about each other.

The main difference was that while Janet did not know whom she should have married, Andy thought he did—or, maybe even still could. So he glowered at his plate, and said nothing until Janet announced—to no one in particular—that she was exhausted, and after supper was going straight to bed.

At this Andy looked up appre-

hensively. "I'm afraid you can't do that," he said.

For the first time Janet looked directly at him.

"Andy Hollister," she said, "if you've invited people here after the sort of day I've had, I swear I'll—"

"How was I to know what sort of day you had?" snapped her husband. "I simply suggested that the Lamberts come over to my house—this is still my house, isn't it?—and play some bridge."

"Bridge!" exploded Janet. "Why, Anna Lambert doesn't play bridge."

"No," said Andy smugly, "but Phoebe does."

It was right here that Janet made her first serious mistake. "Phoebe," she said, scathingly. "Who is this Phoebe? I suppose she's your dream girl—your beautiful blonde tennis goddess."

Andy narrowed his eyes a little. "She's a very attractive person," he said in a tone which implied that Janet certainly was not. "Furthermore, she's a very capable one. She rides, shoots, plays championship bridge and tennis."

"She sounds like a perfect menace," Janet said sweetly—too



"You mannerless hyena, this is all your fault!" Phoebe called furiously to Andy.

THE FUTURE IN A TEA-CUP

I SEE A SHOCK, THEN—WAIT A MINUTE—IT LOOKS LIKE A PLEASANT SURPRISE...

WHEW! SHOCK WAS RIGHT! MY BEST SATIN UNDIES WEARING OUT. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW, MY PRETTY?

WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE LONG AGO, SUGAR.

IF I HAVE ANY INFLUENCE, YOU'RE GOING TO LUX ALL UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING—LIKE ANY SMART GIRL.

NIGHTLY LUX-ING HELPS UNDIES TO LAST. IT WHISKS OUT ACID PERSPIRATION BEFORE THEY WEAKEN THE MATERIAL.

ENID TOOK THIS ADVICE AND

SOME TIME LATER

UNDIES—WHITE SHOES—LUX... I'D NEVER DARE FORGET MY LUX NOW, BUBBLES DARLING.

THINKS—I'VE A HUNCH THAT FORTUNE WAS RIGHT ABOUT A PLEASANT SURPRISE

sweetly. "I suppose this paragon is married?"

"She was," Andy said meaningfully—"to somebody named Jackson. But she divorced him." He took out his pipe and filled it moodily. "Anyway, they're coming over in a little while. They won't stay long, but I did want you to meet Phoebe."

Janet stood up and began piling dishes on a tray. "Did you?" she said. "Well, I can hardly wait."

It's a funny thing about marriage. The whole delicate fabric can be torn to ribbons, and yet if company is coming the shreds are always swept under the rug and something that looks like the original is put in its place. Pride, no doubt. Or habit.

Anyway, when the Lamberts and their guest arrived, the living-room was tidied, the bridge table was set up, the beer was on the ice. The only discordant note arose from the fact that Andy had failed to tell Janet that their guests would be in evening dress. Even that was of short duration: after one murderous glance at her husband, Janet smoothed her short skirt and put on her best smile to greet Phoebe Jackson.

From that first moment of introduction Janet was at a disadvantage, and she knew it. It was not merely a matter of clothes—long black lace contrasted with a simple afternoon dress. Or of personal appearance—tall blonde beauty as opposed to everyday

brunette good looks. It was more than that.

It was the alacrity with which Andy stepped forward to take Phoebe's wrap; it was the triumphant I-told-you-so glance he threw at Janet; it was the ever so subtle difference in the handclaps that Phoebe gave Janet and Andy respectively.

Gene Lambert—good old Gene—did not notice. But Anna, his very fragile and feminine wife, did, and felt a protective rush of loyalty towards Janet.

When Mrs. Chips came out from behind the sofa to sniff critically at the guests, Phoebe ran a knowing hand over the dog's head.

"Nice animal," she said. "Good in the field?"

"Not bad," Andy said, delighted at this familiarity with his favorite sport. "She retrieved four this morning—didn't lose any."

"On our place in Maryland," Phoebe said, "we use Chesapeake mostly."

"Hey!" cried Gene Lambert, banging on the card table. "Did we come here to play bridge or discuss dogs? Come on, I want Phoebe for a partner. I want to play with the gal who played with Culbertson."

Andy was impressed. "Have you really?" he asked Phoebe.

Phoebe laughed. "In a minor tournament once. Nassau, I think."

"Nassau!" Andy repeated softly. There was a rapt, faraway look in his eyes. Janet saw it, and it frightened her a little. Once, when they were engaged, Andy's firm had offered him a season in Nassau, all expenses paid. There were big accounts lying around down there for an enterprising investment counsellor. But Andy had turned it down. He'd wanted to be with Janet.

Janet picked up her hand and looked blankly at the cards. She was not, she told herself fiercely, afraid of Phoebe or any other blonde. But she was afraid of the latent restlessness, the hidden discontent of any captive male. Let that discontent crystallise, let it find a tangible desirable object on which to focus itself. She made up her mind quickly.

"Andy," she said in a clear proud voice, "why don't you take Phoebe duck hunting in the morning?"

In succession Andy's face registered shock, incredulity, pleasurable anticipation, then doubt.

"How about you?" he said slowly. "Don't you want to go?"

"I can't leave the children," she said. "Opal will be back early, but not early enough. Besides, I'd like to catch up on sleep—babies permitting."

Andy glanced at Phoebe, trying not to look too eager. "Well," he said, "how about it? You'll have to get up before daylight, but..."

At the original suggestion, Phoebe had glanced warily at Janet. Now she, too, had made up her mind. "I'd love it," she said coolly.

Anna Lambert uttered a small worried sound of protest. She was no sportswoman—far from it—but she did know that in local hunting the gunners lay side by side in a narrow boat, sometimes for hours. Now she said hastily, "But, Phoebe, you know you haven't anything to wear."

Janet said easily, "Gene can lend her his hunting clothes, can't you, Gene?"

"Certainly," Gene said.

The bridge proceeded. The Hollisters were no match for their opponents. Besides, Janet's mind did not seem to be on the game.

Finally, after she had bid herself into a particularly hopeless position, Andy pointed this out. Gene

suggested politely that the distribution of the cards was against Janet.

Andy growled that the trouble lay in the distribution of brain cells. Phoebe smiled, made a shrewd lead that sent Janet down another trick. Vulnerable.

At that moment, appropriately, from the floor above arose a faint yell that mounted to a desperate yell.

Phoebe glanced up in amazement. "Heavens," she said, "what's that? It sounds like a coyote."

"So it does," agreed Janet. "However, it's just one of my offspring. Excuse me a moment."

She mounted the stairs. A moment later peace descended.

Anna Lambert firmly rolled up her knitting. "Come on, Gene," she said. "It's getting late. Besides, if Phoebe persists in this idiotic scheme to get up at the screech of dawn..."

"I certainly do," Phoebe said. She looked at Andy. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Andy smiled a little uncomfortably, and Anna set her lips in a thin disapproving line. She looked up as Janet came down the stairs. "Everything under control?" she asked.

"It was Sally," Janet said, smiling. "There was a lion in her closet. She heard it growling." She glanced at Andy. "I told you not to tell her those hair-raising hunting stories."

Phoebe was adjusting her evening wrap. "How'd you calm her?" she asked idly. "By reasoning with her?"

"No," Janet said. "By leaving the light on."

"Bad psychology, isn't it?"

"Maybe," Janet said gently, "but I believe in letting victims of hallucinations see for themselves, don't you?" She paused for an answer, then, getting none, she added briskly, "Andy, why don't you run Phoebe home? You can discuss your plans for to-morrow and meanwhile I'll clear these card things away."

Andy glanced strangely at his wife, started to speak, changed his mind. "Sure," he said finally. "Love to."

He disappeared down the path towards the garage. The Lamberts, now thoroughly baffled, followed

of the car Andy looked sideways at Phoebe's calm profile and wondered again why Janet had suggested his taking her home. Or why she had suggested the duck hunting, for that matter. Sheer bravado, he decided finally. Janet was daring him to do something about it, that's what she was doing. He stopped the car in front of the Lamberts' house.

All right, he said to himself, all right, if that's the way she feels about it.

He hid his arm along the seat behind Phoebe. "All set now?" he asked. "Quarter to six?"

She turned her head and looked at him. "Right," she said.

"Good night?" It was a question.

She let her head fall back against his arm. He kissed her. Her lips were sweet and warm, but suddenly his conscience, stretched for once too far, came between them. He drew back. "Thanks," he muttered awkwardly.

She gave a little laugh, opened the door and jumped out. "See you," she said, "quarter to six."

He drove home arguing fiercely with himself. The light was out in the bedroom, but he knew Janet was not asleep. He undressed, crawled into his own bed, and lay staring into the dark. Finally he said abruptly, "Look, Jan. You don't mind my taking Phoebe out to-morrow, do you? After all, it was your idea, and besides..."

Janet yawned loudly in the darkness. "I think Mrs. Chips will be an adequate chaperon, if that's what you mean," she said. And rolled over. And went to sleep.

Five hours later the alarm clock exploded like a bomb. Andy sat up and carefully turned it off. Next thing he knew, Janet was shaking him.

"Wake up," she said. "You don't want to disappoint the lady, do you?"

Her husband staggered out of bed and shivered into the bathroom. As he dressed he caught a glimpse of

his face in the mirror and decided that maybe he'd better shave.

When he finally went downstairs Janet was in the kitchen, and coffee and orange juice were on the table.

Janet watched him as he wolfed them down. Then, "Have a good time, dear," she said. She came close and patted his cheek. "M'mm," she said, "pretty smooth. I'm sure the ducks will appreciate that." And humming a little tune, she went back upstairs.

Phoebe was waiting when he stopped Lazarus in front of the Lamberts' house. She was wearing Gene's hunting clothes, and they were yards too big for her, but she didn't look at all silly. On the contrary, with her shining hair tucked under a hunting cap she managed to look both competent and desirable—quite a trick, Andy thought, at that hour.

"I think I'll bring my car," she said, "so that you won't have to drive me back. Can I follow you?"

"If you'd rather," he said.

They parked both cars in a side road and walked down to the river with Mrs. Chips panting eagerly in front of them. The eastern sky was pink now, and along the mud flats ducks were already quacking sleepily. The little boat, camouflaged with grass, lay half in and half out of the water. Andy unlocked the cover, checked the decoys, and began to blow up the rubber cushion that Janet always demanded when she went with him.

"Good Lord," said Phoebe, "what's that object?"

Andy explained.

"Take it away," Phoebe said. "I wouldn't be caught dead sitting on one of those things. What's a little cold water, after all?"

Andy tossed the cushion up on the bank. He glanced admiringly at Phoebe. Why, the girl had everything! Then he whistled Mrs. Chips into the stern, settled himself at the oars, and shoved off.

Please turn to page 8



By ARTHUR GORDON

WEAR WHITE SHOES

with
Brown Legs



This is the season of stockingless legs... of brown limbs and white shoes. And they must be white! They will be if you use SHU-MILK, the perfect cleaner for all white shoes. It removes the dirt, dries quickly, leaves a gleaming white surface that won't rub off. Have your shoes always smart, with Shu-Milk.

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES
60. AND 1/-

Shu-Milk
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

"WE'RE early, after all," he said, as they moved slowly past the mist-wreathed marshes. "We're not supposed to shoot until sunrise, you know."

"Your wife said something about it," murmured Phoebe. She picked up her gun and sighted down the barrels. "Silly rule, isn't it?"

"The game warden doesn't think so," Andy told her. "He goes around here in an outboard motor-boat, and I understand he's a tough customer."

Three hundred yards from shore a clump of marsh grass loomed dark against the silver surface of the little tidal river. "This looks like a good place," Andy said, and drove the boat into the grass until it was hidden. "Hand me the decoys, will you?"

Phoebe passed them to him one by one, and he tossed them out into the shallow water. Phoebe stood up, too, steadying herself on Andy's arm, and surveyed them critically. "Too far downstream," she declared at last. "These ducks will come in to the head of the decoys. You'd better move 'em up a few yards."

Andy glanced at her sharply. He was not used to having women tell him what to do—at least, not in a duckboat—and for a moment he found himself restraining an alarming impulse to tell Phoebe to shut up. But then she smiled at him, and he forgot what he was going to say. Besides, as a matter of fact, she was right.

He stepped into the icy water—the cold came through his rubber boots like a knife—and waded out to the decoys and shifted them. Then he came back and crawled into the boat and he and Phoebe lay down side by side.

He was very close to Phoebe now. They lay on their backs, so as to be able to watch the sky. Their shoulders were wedged tightly together, and as Andy turned his head a strand of golden hair escaped from under Phoebe's cap and touched his face. It made him jump, the soft feathery little caress. She must have felt it, too, for she gave a little sigh and closed her eyes and nestled her cheek against his shoulder.

Her cheek was very close to his. It awakened memories of the kiss of the night before.

Then, in the stern of the boat, Mrs. Chips raised her head and

twitched her ears, and Andy hesitated, remembering what Janet had said about a chaperon. Just how long he would have hesitated he never knew, but suddenly he heard what the dog was hearing—the only sound that could have taken his mind off Phoebe just then—the high-pitched whistle of wind through a duck's wings.

"Shhh!" he said. "Don't move." Phoebe's eyes opened wide. Seconds later, a pair of mallards flashed overhead, spotted the decoys, and flared in a wide circle.

"Look," Andy whispered, sitting up cautiously and peering through the screens of grass. "They're coming in." Hastily he dragged out his watch. "Confound it," he muttered. "It's still two minutes before sunrise. Well, we can watch 'em, anyway."

With his eyes glued to the opening in the grass, Andy watched the ducks coast down, heads turning alertly for any sign of danger. Down dropped their feet. Wings flashed as they back-pedalled furiously for a landing.

Then, without warning, right beside Andy's head the world was shattered by a double explosion.

The lead duck, killed cleanly, collapsed into the water just beyond the decoys. The other, badly winged, turned and wavered upstream. Andy felt the whole boat lurch as Mrs. Chips went overboard with a prodigious splash. Ears ringing, numb with shock, he turned furiously upon Phoebe, who was calmly reloading her gun.

"Shouldn't have lost that second bird," she said coolly.

For a moment Andy was speechless with rage. Then, "I told you not to shoot before sunrise!" he yelled.

"Oh," said Phoebe, "what difference does it make?"

If there had been time, Andy might have slapped her, but before he could raise his hand he heard the sound he'd been dreading. Half a mile upstream an outboard motor sputtered angrily into life.

"What difference?" he roared. "That's the difference, you little fool! That's the game warden. And he's coming after us. And you haven't even got your licence with you!"

The Perfect Menace

Continued from page 7

At the mention of the game warden, Phoebe turned the color of an old oyster shell. "What'll we do?"

"Do?" Andy echoed savagely. "Get out of here. Take this oar. Get the boat out while I pick up the decoys?"

Frantically he plunged overboard. As he snatched the decoys he shot a fearful glance upstream, where the outboard was now humming like a malevolent hornet. Even as he looked, a boat appeared around the bend. A man was standing upright in it, and when he saw Andy he waved. There was no doubt—it was the game warden.

With an armful of icy decoys he rushed back to the boat, dragged it out of the grass, and snatched the oar from Phoebe. "Get the other oar!" he yelled. "Paddle!"

As he dug his oar into the water, Mrs. Chips ranged alongside, triumphantly bearing the dead duck. With strength born of desperation, Andy seized her by the neck and yanked her into the boat. Blindly he groped behind him, found the duck, and hurled it as far from the boat as possible. But as he turned back he felt the boat give a new lurch. Mrs. Chips, puzzled by this new sort of game, but still eager to please, had gone overboard again.

Upstream, the occupant of the motor boat gave vent to an angry yell, and a wave of panic swept over Andy. He dropped the oar, seized the anchor rope, and sprang into the water. He could tow the boat faster through the shallow water than he could paddle, and the landing was only a hundred yards away.

"Andy!" cried Phoebe in a voice that matched his own quivering nerves. "There's someone on the landing!"

He looked, and, sure enough, outlined against the crimson sky, a solitary ominous figure was waiting for them. Andy had heard that game wardens sometimes worked in pairs, one in a boat and one on land. "We'll land farther downstream," he panted, and changed his course. Mud tugged at his boots; sweat ran down into his eyes; his breath was coming in gasps. Behind them, Mrs. Chips followed doggedly with the incriminating evidence. Behind Mrs. Chips the whole universe. And then, twenty yards from shore, the boat ran aground.

"Pull!" screamed Phoebe, standing up. "Do something!"

Andy pulled. For a moment nothing happened. Then, throwing all his dying resources into the effort, he heaved. The boat shot across the sand bar like a rocket. Phoebe, standing in the stern, described a high and graceful arc in the air. She came down with an appalling splash. The icy waters closed over her.

At that point Andy's forgotten sense of humor came to his rescue. He cared no longer whether or not they went to gaol. As Phoebe arose, furious, he sat down on the gunwale of the boat and laughed until he cried.

PHOEBE saw nothing funny in the situation. "You mannerless hyena, this is all your fault," she called furiously to Andy. "I'll catch pneumonia. I'll!"

"Oh," Andy said, recalling her earlier remark, "what's a little cold water?" And went into another paroxysm of mirth.

When he recovered, Phoebe was scrambling up the river bank in the general direction of her car, a terrified and grotesque figure in her sodden clothes. At his knees, Mrs. Chips, inexorable as doom, was still proffering the bedraggled duck. And the motor-boat was closing in for the kill.

"All right," he said wearily, as the hum of the outboard subsided. "Bring on the handcuffs."

The man in the boat grinned. He reached into his pocket, produced a small envelope. "This is a licence for the lady," he said. "Mrs. Hollister phoned me last night. Said you'd be needing it this morning."

Andy stared unbelievably at the game warden. "You mean you're not chasing us for shooting too early?"

"Shucks, no," said the man. "What's a few minutes, after all? So that's why you were running, hey? Too bad the lady fell in the river that way."

"Yeah," said Andy, weak with relief. "That was too bad, wasn't it?" He paused as a sudden thought struck him. "Say," he demanded, "who's that person on the landing? I thought he must be your partner?"

"Dunno who it is," said the warden, turning his boat around and starting his outboard. "You can find out for yourself though. Here she comes."

"Here she comes?" Seized by a sudden premonition, Andy spun around. Down the bank, picking her way daintily, came Janet.

"Well, dear," she said sweetly, "good hunting?"

"Janet," he gasped, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh," she said airily, "Opa! came back, so I thought I'd drive down and see how you and Phoebe were getting on. Thought she might want to thank me for ordering that licence for her."

Andy stared at her bland countenance and found himself wondering several things. He wondered, first, if Janet's motives in telephoning the game warden were as altruistic as they appeared. He wondered, secondly, how he had ever thought Phoebe was better-looking than his own wife. Finally he wondered how he could have imagined even for a moment—let alone twelve hours—that he had married the wrong woman.

"You seem to have left some decoys out there," Janet remarked, shading her eyes with her hand. "Maybe we'd better go out and keep an eye on 'em." She came down to the edge of the water and tossed him a limp rubber object. "Here," she said, "blow up this cushion for me, will you? You know how I hate cold water."

"Yes, dear," Andy said joyfully. And blew it up with one long ecstatic sigh of marital content.

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Movie World

ECONOMY in GLAMOR

From VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

RATIONING and priorities are working great changes in Hollywood screen scenes. Banquets and nightclubs involving the extensive use of food, lavish costumes and furnishings are out.

Eating scenes vital to a plot are held down to a minimum. I noticed a banquet set on Warners' "Mission to Moscow," where huge slabs of beef were piled up in buffet style. But "props" said:

"We found it necessary to postpone shooting for a week until the studio commissary was able to spare this food. I can assure you it won't be wasted because, when this scene has been shot, we will move it over to stage 12 and use it again for a dinner scene on Bette Davis' film, 'Old Acquaintance.'"

By the way, he went on, "that delicious-looking caviare is really blackberry jam. Though most of this food is real, that table over there contains steaks and chickens made of plaster and paint."

Warners' designer, Milo Anderson, spends much of his time in salvaging and dyeing used costumes.

"In the chorus scene for 'This Is The Army,'" he told me, "the girls are actually wearing different-colored costumes made in the one style. We used up odd bits of colored pastel shades, which photograph alike in black and white."

"Many stars who go on long tours these days borrow clothes from the wardrobe department in order to conserve private wardrobes," he told me. "Only last week a top-ranking star, who shall be nameless, rang up and asked me to send over an evening slip as she hadn't one of her own."



• BETTE DAVIS (above) met wartime restrictions in the dinner scene of Warners' "Old Acquaintance," when their real food was the same already used for a banquet in "Mission to Moscow."



• Warners' dress-designer, Milo Anderson, made this glorious blouse for Ann Sothern out of material which had been planned as curtains for a set representing "a millionaire's home."

• Brenda Marshall, seen here with husband William Holden (who got out of his army khaki for the photograph), hopes she can borrow a perambulator and cot for her baby from Warners' studios' furniture store. There is a wartime shop shortage of prams.





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BEHIND THE BANDSTAND



1 SWING ADDICT Connie Ward (Ann Rutherford) attracts attention of star trumpeter Bill Abbott (Montgomery) on tour with Gene Morrison's (Glenn Miller) band.



2 MEETING Connie after dance next night, Bill, on sudden impulse, proposes.



3 STAR SINGER in band, Jaynie (Lynn Bari), is told of Bill's marriage.



4 TOURING WIVES gossip. Natalie (Carole Landis) suggests affair between Bill and Jaynie, while band is in another town.



5 INVESTIGATING, Connie finds them together. She spitefully breaks up the band.



6 MYSTIFIED band then receive telegrams calling them all together again.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S "Orchestra Wives" (displayed on this page) was made by famous band-leader Glenn Miller immediately before he went into the U.S.A. Army. He disbanded the members of his orchestra when he joined up.

"Orchestra Wives" is the first film to be made about behind-scenes life of a huge orchestra.

This is Glenn Miller's second picture for Fox. His first, "Sun Valley Serenade," was so successful that Fox signed him up for a number of films, but war intervened and interrupted the programme.

"Orchestra Wives" has a glamorous cast with Ann Rutherford, Lynn Bari, Carole Landis, Virginia Gilmore, and Mary Beth Hughes.

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• Described as "The Girl From Down Under," sweet, blue-eyed Ann Richards is Australia's latest contribution to Hollywood. Her first full-length American film is MGM's "Random Harvest," with Colman and Garson.

The girl from down under

By VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

YESTERDAY I had a long chat with Ann Richards, known to Australians as Shirley Ann Richards, and star of many Cinesound pictures.

"I am still amazed at my good luck in getting a Metro long-term contract on my arrival in the United States ten months ago," she told me.

She chatted on her way to the Hollywood canteen, where she acts as hostess on Friday nights.

"Just now I am between pictures. I have finished a nurse's role in 'Doctor Gillespie's New Assistant' and am now waiting for a new assignment. I hope to get a role either in 'The Man From Down Under' or 'Nurses of Bataan,'" she said.

Pretty, fair Ann is still sweet, unaffected, and unchanged. She was eager to chat about home.

Ann has given two radio talks to American women whose sons are in Australia. She reassures them about Australian hospitality, climate, and customs. She said she was delighted to find how well liked Australians are in America.

She described a day in the life of a Hollywood starlet.

"When working, I get up at half-past five and drive myself to the studio. In my pretty dressing-room, I telephone to the restaurant for a breakfast-tray. Then make-up, follows the hairdresser, and I change



• Ann in a scene from MGM's "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant," with Richard Quine, a young actor who has since left Hollywood for the duration to serve in the U.S. Navy.



• Ann as Miss Anzac at a General MacArthur Day ceremony in Hollywood, which augmented the funds of Anzac War Relief and American patriotic funds.

my clothes and wait for the studio car to drive me to the set. I usually work until six o'clock, with an hour off for lunch at Metro's lovely blue-and-white restaurant."

After work Ann drives home to the Studio Club, where she lives. She has dinner with a friend, usually her fellow actress Donna Reid. Then she retires, and studies her script in bed.

She never accepts engagements when working. Even when she is not working on films she is still kept busy. She reads plays with the dramatic coach, Lillian Burns; poses for publicity shots; or sells war bonds.

"Life was never fuller," admits this cheery Australian.

By this time we had arrived, and Ann was parking her small car outside the Hollywood canteen. On Friday night, which is Metro's night, studio starlets troop into the canteen at nine o'clock. "We attach blue armbands which identify us as hostesses, and tip our purse contents—powder-puffs, hankies, into official blue linen bags, which we strap round our shoulders while dancing," she said.

They step onto the floor and are immediately besieged by eager servicemen who whirl them around for three hours.

"Before any girl signs on as hostess she is carefully investigated, photographed, and her fingerprints are taken," she added.

Ann said that when she dances with the boys at the canteen they usually comment on her speech, saying: "That's a different sort of brogue you have, where are you from?" When she tells them she is from Australia they fire questions at her.

She is just as interested in their home States. Through them she says she has got to know Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and others which she hopes to visit one day.



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*Standard units of food energy.

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MY FIRST YEAR IN THE ARMY... "I'll always remember every minute of it"



CORPORAL BEB FREEMAN, who shared Lance-Corporal Dale Windus' Army experiences.



THESE TENTS were home to Lance-Corporal Windus and her comrades on field service.



LANCE-CORPORAL DALE B. WINDUS, of the A.W.A.S., who wrote the enthusiastic account of Army life on this page.

A.W.A.S. corporal is proud to share honors with Australia's sons

By LANCE-CORPORAL DALE B. WINDUS, of the Australian Women's Army Service

To-day it is exactly one year since I joined the Army, one whole year of my life of which I shall remember every minute.

I feel sorry for those who have never been in any of the Services because of all they've missed. For those who are just a little amused at women in uniform I have pity, because they don't realise now that to be in uniform side by side with Australia's sons is the greatest honor a girl can have.

I JOINED the Army with one of the first lots of girls ever to join. They were a grand crowd, too. We gradually got transferred here and there, until there were about 30 of us left.

It is around this 30 that my Army life was built. We all worked and lived in perfect harmony, and all fully realised that we were enjoying this life and new experience even more than we expected.

I'll never forget how proud we all were to put up our first color patch, and, mercy, weren't we thrilled when we all went out on our first bivouac.

When we got our postings we all took over men's work, thus setting these men free to go into battle.

We were soon told that we would be doing three weeks' intensive training with the troops.

After this training we went out on our first exercise, the one we were all so thrilled about.

The first lesson we felt the most was carrying all our kit about, blankets and palliasses.

We then started unloading the trucks, and had our tents, including a big marquee, erected in record time.

Our mess girls did a marvellous job; they had the old stove stoves going in no time to provide lunch for us.

We then helped to dig trenches. We had one bath tent with a few tubs in it and not even a hurricane light, but we felt cleaner, even if we couldn't see we'd got the dirt off.

The whole place was blacked-out so well that I leaped on what I thought was a tree trunk, but it was an old cow, and it moved on.

We were to travel back by night convey. It was a great experience for us as imitation explosives were going off all round, and we went through thick smoke.

As last the great time came when we were to go away right out of our home State to live in the field.

We were so excited.

We honestly thought we were wonderful. To be the first Army girls to live in the field was a great honor. We said good-bye to our parents, not really feeling the break at all, because the great golden opportunity to go away and live an Army life had come at last.

It was a long trip and we were herded in like cattle, yet thought only of the thrill of travelling on a real troop train.

Everyone was overpacked, and I had a banjo and a huge cake extra.

We unpacked at our camp site, and I can remember our mess girls, though just as tired as we were, immediately getting everything in order for our breakfast. We had bacon and egg between bread.

I can't pay my respects enough to our mess girls. They cooked out in the open without anything between them and the sky all the first week with never a grumble.

We discovered there were no facilities for us to bath, but were told we could use the men's showers between three and four o'clock every afternoon, when they would be reserved for us.

Primitive showers

WE settled into our tents, put on our khaki overalls (which were worn all the time we were away on account of the long grass), and by three o'clock we badly needed those showers.

Along the track we found pieces of tin andessian rigged up around a tank and five showers. A soldier picket was on guard outside.

We were in the showers one day when the old tin doot fell down. I'll never forget the screams!

The water was very hard, and we had been outside no time when we felt so hot and dusty we would have liked another bath.

For a week we used these showers until we got our own near camp.

A couple of times our water supply ran out and we had to go two days without our shower. We felt terribly dirty, but thought how the boys overseas must feel sometimes.

The nights were extremely cold, and in the morning there would be ice on any basin of water left overnight.



DALE WINDUS outside her field tent somewhere in Australia.

We got into our sleeping-bags in two pairs of pyjamas and bed socks, but were still cold.

We were stiff in the morning, as for a while we had no palliasses and no floorboards in our tent, and the ground was pretty hard. It seemed so different from sleeping in a bed—every time you turned over a big piece of grass scratched your face.

In the tents we worked in we found it very strange at first, thick dust all over everything each morning, and old chairs with no backs and wobbly legs.

The wind would blow in one side of the tent and our typing would go out the other, but our work was done just the same.

We were mostly stenographers and clerks. We soon got used to having sand underfoot, and sand under our finger-nails.

As my girl-friend and myself were in a medical section we went out one day in a field ambulance through the brown, dry countryside. We met some A.I.P. nurses who made us very welcome.

Then there was our parade for the General. I can remember standing up with our tin hats on and our respirators slung over our shoulders for what seemed like hours while the inspection was on.

I recall saying to myself while I was standing easy, "I'll remember all this, that paddock of long, waving grass over there looking as if it is alive, and those dry old mountains all around, and that little winding

Engaged to veteran

LANCE-CORPORAL DALE WINDUS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Windus, of Dover Heights, N.S.W., who wrote this story of her year in the Army, was at 18 the youngest "rookie" at the first A.W.A.S. school in New South Wales.

At the conclusion of school her unit was posted interstate. These were the first Awas to undergo actual field conditions.

While on leave in Brisbane she met Staff-Sergt. Frank Ellingham, A.I.F., veteran of Greece and Crete, and they announced their engagement a few months ago. He is now in New Guinea.

red, dusty road over there. And, yes, I can even see our own little tent behind the trees."

We were just a very small bunch of girls at the back of all the troops, but we stood up and felt as much part of the Army as they were, and we went on the march-past, stepping it out like the troops.

It was just the love of good old Aussie and the comradeship brought about by war in fighting for our land.

The world must seem blank to those who go on day by day never noticing the beauties of the land we live in, and never feeling as they look across an Australian scene, "All this is my country, the soil, the sea, and the sky above."

By lamplight

THE troops paid us every respect, and we were always treated as soldiers.

At night it was nice to sit in your tent by the old hurricane light and to see your three tent-mates' faces glowing as they wrote letters home.

When we were all putting our uniforms on to go into the little town to the local hop, everyone would want the lamp at once, and we usually discovered when we got into

the hall that we had one another's clothes on, either too big or too small. The town was so small, we nearly went past it the first time we went in.

There were always far too many soldiers there to enjoy the dancing properly, but we had some great times, and it was surprising whom you met in this little town.

We met dozens and dozens of good old Aussies who had returned from overseas and who, like us, had been sent to this little country town. They were a grand lot.

Every night we would listen to the "Last Post" being played, and we'd see the old moon peeping behind the trees.

It was a typical Australian scene, just the life I'd always longed for. Yet we all wished the war would end so that everyone could live in peace.

Then came the sad time when all the Army girls were disbanded from the section we were in.

We were all so melancholy as our old gang was to be split up. Never have I felt as I did the day we all parted.

We packed up our things and carried our luggage about in the heat; then there was a sudden thunderstorm.

We sat down in the old marquee. Hardly anyone spoke—if they did the conversation just died out. I gazed right around the mess at all their faces and wondered how life would turn out for them.

In the middle of it all "Advance Australia" was played on our wireless, and this made me feel ten times worse.

When the time came for the first lot to drive away, the tears were just streaming down my old face. It sounds silly, yet it was real, as for eight months we had lived and worked together.

I wondered how on earth the boys must feel overseas, after being years together and then being broken up.

Then it was our turn to go, out past those dry old mountains we were driven, through the little town and on our way.

I stayed in the same State with my girl-friend, Cpl. Bee Freeman, until through illness I was sent home. We all write to one another rather desperately, and we will never forget our old mates and camp life.

I am still in the Army, but I live at home, looking back always to the old days. It's been a wonderful year.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 13, 1943

THE CALL-UP OF WOMEN

THE compulsory call-up of women now planned is an important step in the marshalling of Australia for total war.

Its objects are to increase the strength of the auxiliary services and to divert women workers from non-essential to essential industry.

Women generally will welcome the new system as the fairest means of placing woman-power where it is most needed. But they will expect the administration to be managed with sympathy and understanding of women's special problems.

They know that in the past year or two most women who are fit and free to serve have joined up in the services.

Thousands who would have liked to enlist have been held back by home obligations and responsibilities. Many women have such ties.

How many young brothers have taken degrees and diplomas through the help given by a hard-working sister! And how many aged parents owe the ease of their last years to a devoted daughter!

The call-up will free such sisters and daughters from this dilemma of conflicting duties, leaving the decision to a detached and impartial tribunal.

No matter how many women are called up there must still remain on the home front a great army of women.

They will continue to comfort and care for the workers of the family, tend the children, knit and pray for the soldiers, nurse the sick.

And if a faded print house-frock is this army's uniform it is earning a salute along with the rest.

—THE EDITOR.

Unconscious crew thrown to safety

Though his plane was flying upside down, out of control, the pilot of a bomber managed to save the lives of his crew, all of whom were unconscious.

The story of his resourcefulness is told by Gunner Copeland, of an anti-aircraft unit which was in the El Alamein battle and all the fighting in Egypt, in a letter to a friend in Ganmain, N.S.W.

ONE of our bombers was hit by ack-ack, and came back out of control.

"Right over our gun he dived, zoomed, rolled, and flew upside down. Being a bomber, the plane was not meant for such a strain.

"We learned later that all the crew, except the pilot, were unconscious, and the steering gear was damaged.

"Every time the plane straightened out the pilot (my hat's off to him) would push one of the crew out and pull the ripcord for him, as he was still unconscious.

"In this way he managed to save them all, as well as himself."

Pte. J. Rinaldi in the Middle East to Miss E. Priest, Bauer St., Southport, Qld.:

WE slapped down a kitchen near our positions and you should see the roof—old pieces of tin, doors of knocked-out trucks, concrete slabs, and even a telegraph pole.

"It stays up, but no one sits under the concrete slabs.

"We get our meals sent out morning and night from the platoon, about two miles away, but we put the kitchen in to do a little experimenting ourselves.

"First thing attempted was putaloons. I had three and was walking round in a daze the rest of the day. I staggered over to my bed and died for a while.

"The next morning burgeo was the item. Burgeo is porridge. When it was made you had to cut it with a knife.

"Next day had a crack at the putaloons again, and our impromptu frying-pan caught fire for an hour.

"We have got hold of some suet, and dumplings in the next item on the menu. No one knows what to do with the suet. We may 'weld' it down, as someone said."

Pte. G. Clarke, with a hospital unit in New Guinea, to his wife in Berkeley St., West Esplanade, Manly, N.S.W.:

WE are dreadfully busy here now. The hospital has grown to about twice its original size, and new patients are arriving from the front all day long.

"You would have to see them to get some idea just what they have suffered—bearded, gaunt, hollow-eyed, clothes filthy, sometimes no boots or socks. Food and smokes are luxuries to them.

"I am not exaggerating when I say you can see the tears of thankfulness in their eyes when you do any little thing for them.

"Now you know just what price those chaps are paying for the gains they are making for the sake of the loved ones at home."



AN A.I.F. CRICKET TEAM IN DARWIN. Sent by Pte. W. Hall to his sister, Yvonne, in Mordialloc, Vic.



THREE PRISONERS OF WAR in Stalag XVIII B in Germany. Alan Manning (centre) was taken prisoner in Greece.

Lance-Sgt. Roy Thredgold to his cousin, Miss Ethel Thredgold, Mundooro, S.A.:

WE had a hurried trip to meet the Jap by plane, our destination was Gona, and I lasted three days.

"The second attack I got a bullet through my hip pocket, but it didn't touch my skin.

"The next day we made another attack. Bullets flew from all angles with deadly snipers firing from coconut palms.

"I copped one high up in the left thigh. I made a dive for a shell-hole, but by the time I got there felt another penetrate somewhere near the same spot.

"I couldn't see him to get a shot back at, so just held a mouthful and lay down in the hole.

"My foot was turned out, but I could still move my toes, so I didn't reckon it broken.

"I was unable to bandage myself, so just had to lie in the broiling sun. I put up with the agony for fourteen hours, and at dark they got me on a stretcher and it was like heaven to get away from those whistling bullets.

"I managed to dig a hole a couple of feet deep and got water. And dipping the old 'hanky' in and squeezing it over my head kept me from passing out.

"Next day the natives had me on a stretcher and I was on my way back. They did a wonderful job in getting me through the slush. Next morning I was flying back to Pt. Moresby."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

Interesting People



A.S.O. BETTY ERRINGTON

... W.A.A.A.F. recruiting IN charge of W.A.A.A.F. Mobile Recruiting Unit, N.S.W., is Assistant Section Officer Betty Errington. Has travelled 6000 miles in New South Wales and addressed hundreds of audiences since unit was formed five months ago. Two thousand recruits needed for W.A.A.A.F. in N.S.W. alone, and a total of 6000.



CAPTAIN G. T. TRAINOR

... Australian interests CAPTAIN G. T. TRAINOR, of U.S. Army now serving in Australia, is executive member, Anzac Division, British War Relief Society of New York, which has sent thousands of pounds, fleets of ambulances, medical and dental equipment to Australian Red Cross and Comforts Fund. Formerly of Melbourne. Captain Trainor served with Australian Flying Corps in last war.



MISS W. STENHOUSE

... National nutrition TO teach Australians how to make best of foods available and how to use substitutes for those in short supply, Miss Winifred Stenhouse has been appointed to Canberra to assist Commonwealth Government's nation-wide nutrition campaign, shortly to be launched. She relinquished post of dietitian at Sydney University for this new national work. Graduated in home science at Otago (N.Z.) University.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNE proffers the gifts of happiness, luck, and promotion warily this week. Those for whom this period is fortunate will have to work hard to achieve desired goals, and even then must guard against illusory conditions and false starts.

These include Geminians, Aquarians, Librans, and a number of Arians and Sagittarians.

Similarly, many individuals not usually helped at this time of the year may realise unexpected good fortune.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): February 9 (except around dusk) can be helpful and pleasing. Also February 10 (to 9 a.m.) and perhaps February 11, too. Avoid rashness.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Take warning! Avoid changes, quarrels, delays, difficulties, disfavor, and upsets, especially on February 10, February 13, and February 14, each to noon. February 9 (near dusk), February 15 (midday), and February 16 (dusk) poor, too.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Work hard, but use wisdom, too. Plan ahead. February 9 (daylight) fair, dusk poor, evening good. February 10 (forenoon) poor; February 11 fair; February 12 (to dusk) very fair; February 13 (dawn to sunrise, and after 2 p.m.) fair; February 14 (after 11 a.m.) helpful; February 15 (near dawn) good, but midday deceptive. February 16 (except around dusk) good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Routine affairs favored most, so avoid spectacular changes. February 11 and February 16 (except near dusk) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be on guard. Separative conditions are strongest and can bring losses, partings, discord, demotion, regrets, opposition, and disappointments to the unwary. February 10 adverse; February 11 and 12 doubtful; February 13 poor; February 14 and 15 (to midday) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Uneventful days for most Virgoans, though February 11 and 12 can be constructively helpful. February 10 and February 13, 14, and 15 poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Plan well and work hard. Successful issues are possible. February 11 and February 12 helpful; February 13 (dawn to sunrise) good, and (from noon onward) fair; February 14 (except forenoon) good; February 15 (near dawn) excellent, but midday and onward poor. February 9, 10, and 16 poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unwary Scorpions get into trouble this week, so caution is strongly advised. This is particularly so on February 10, 11, 12, 13 (early), 14 (forenoon, 15 (midday), and 16 (dusk). Avoid quarrels, obstructions, lateness, unpopularity, upsets, and changes.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): February 9 (a.s. and dusk) poor, but fair thereafter. February 10 (to 9 a.m.) fair, then poor to noon. Be modest in demands.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): February 11, February 12, and February 13 (near dawn) can be mildly helpful, but be cautious on February 9, 10, 15, and 16.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A peculiar week. Wisdom and hard work can produce gain, promotion, desired changes, or favors. But rashness, over-confidence, or impetuosity can bring upsets and worry. February 9 (evening) fair, but poor around dusk; February 10 (forenoon) poor, balance fair; February 11 (except forenoon) very helpful; February 12 (dawn to sunrise) splendid, but poor around midday; February 13 (after 2 p.m.) fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): February 11, 12, and 13 (around dawn) can produce modest benefits and pleasure. Also February 16 (except near dusk). But February 9 (around dusk), February 14, and February 15 (midday hours) poor. Plan ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Home worries keep many women from war jobs

Research worker discusses some causes and cures of absenteeism

By MONA RAVENSCROFT, M.A.,
who has investigated problems of
absenteeism in war factories.



CANTEEN SERVICES help promote the happiness and well-being of factory workers, thus reducing absenteeism.



MUNITIONERS flock to work like a marching army. Gaps in the ranks mean less guns for our soldiers.

Why do so many women stay away from their work in war factories?

Most women are conscientious, and anxious to do a good job in the war effort.

Yet their absentee rate is high.

Many people do not realise the conditions in which women work. Australia is a young country industrially and has taken on a big job. Some makeshift in conditions has been inevitable and most of the newcomers to industry have been women.

OLD factories were not prepared for the huge influx of female labor.

Situation of the buildings in some cases makes expansion impossible. In other cases shortage of labor and materials makes alterations and improvements difficult.

The importance of improvement in conditions is generally accepted nowadays. Executives of big factories recognise that the money spent on amenities is recouped by increased production.

Not all factories are large, modern and well-equipped. Many are ill-lit and badly ventilated. Black-out provisions have made ventilation worse. In some cases there is no adequate canteen provision.

I have seen factories where 20 girls share one small washbasin, where cockroaches crawl over the floors of locker and wash-rooms.

In small "backyard" factories where three men filled peacetime needs, as many as 20 girls now work in the same space.

Such establishments often make parts vital to a big industry.

Many such places never recovered from the depression. Owners who now are able and willing to effect improvements find it difficult to get labor and materials.

Crowded conditions spread physical infections and lead to mental weariness.

In some iron foundries women stand on worn cement floors. Dust and dirt, aided by steam, seeps into the pores of their skins.

"Sometimes you get so tired that three days off wouldn't be enough," one of these foundry workers told me.

But good conditions do not automatically reduce the absentee rate.

I know one big factory where thousands have been spent, and the absentee rate is still five per cent, which is high when the good conditions are considered.

And I know one small factory where the girls are crowded and uncomfortable, and the absentee rate is negligible.

In those cases the answer lies in personnel. That is a problem which regulations and money cannot solve.

A badly-selected foreman can wreck a department, and remember that three per cent of absentees in one department can cause a worse hold-up in production than would 20 per cent in another section.

A foreman may be too harsh, or he may be lenient with his special favorites. Jealousy and bickering

follow. The girls become dispirited and simply don't care.

It is often forgotten that most women, married or single, have a double burden, home and job.

The traditional role of the man as breadwinner usually allows him to relax in his time off.

Women either have full responsibility at home, or must help with housework, very often under the worst conditions.

These home worries are an important factor in women's absenteeism.

The absence of husbands and fathers at the war means an increase in home worry. Children's sense of security has been shattered, and their restlessness is shown by the 50 per cent increase in delinquency in New South Wales alone.

Many mothers are anxious to work and build up the family financial position so that their menfolk returning from the war may have added security, but there must be a Government plan to help care for the children.

Nurseries needed

KINDERGARTENS and day nurseries are filled to capacity. Thousands of children are without proper care as soon as school finishes in the afternoon.

In America, a recent regulation ensures that in any district where there are more than 36 children whose mothers are working, expert provision must be made for the care of those children.

This provision is necessary in Australia now. It will be a crying need before the end of this year.

In one metropolitan area, kindergartens and day nurseries cater for 2600 children. There are 72,000 children in that area.

Not all those are children of working mothers, of course, but it is from mothers of one and two children that additional factory workers will have to be drawn.

The best solution of this prob-



FILLING BOMBS in a new Australian factory. The majority of girls on such work are conscious of the importance of their jobs.

lem would be the establishment of child centres having provision for day nursery, kindergarten, and after-school care.

Suitable houses or buildings could be taken over for the purpose.

Former teachers among married women could help to fill the need for supervisors, and special courses in child care could be arranged. Experts say that one trained person with suitable equipment could look after 25 children.

An ideal addition to these centres would be clubs for adolescent boys and girls.

Then there is the problem of women married to servicemen. The husband has leave. It may be final leave.

The woman is torn between the desire to stick to a job which, she knows, will help eventually to hasten her husband's return, and the anxiety to see as much of him as possible before he goes away.

The housing shortage is another indirect cause of absenteeism. Acute before the war, this shortage has become worse.

If a worker is to put her best effort into her job, she needs reasonable comfort at home.

Near factories I have seen three families sharing one three-roomed house. Other families are living in disused shops.

In industrial country towns women are caring for children in huts built of rags and iron.

These conditions spread physical infections, and they produce weariness and poor spirits.

In country "boom towns" accommodation is hard to get, and so often is healthy recreation. If home isn't comfortable, men turn to the hotels.



SUCH FACILITIES as trained nurses to deal with minor accidents or early symptoms of sickness help to avoid much lost time.

In consequence, some aren't fit to put their best into their work. Their wives, also workers, are worried and lose heart.

Shopping difficulties keep many women, especially mothers, away from work. Their shifts sometimes make it difficult for them to do any shopping.

The present high price of food makes the lure of cheaper shopping areas greater than ever.

These areas are not always accessible in legitimate time off.

Hair-do's important

THERE are many other small factors in absenteeism which are easier to remedy.

To take time off for a hair-wave may seem a poor, frivolous reason for absence from work. But many girls in factories do dirty jobs. It is impossible for them to keep their frocks clean, or even their faces.

They regard their well-kept heads of hair as a symbol of self-respect.

In some factories managements have made allowance for this, and have even installed a hairdressing salon on the premises.

Any such understanding gesture is well repaid in loyalty and output.

Some modern factories have introduced many amenities, not called

for by regulation, and have found that they were worthwhile.

Among these amenities are:

Broadcast music to entertain workers on monotonous jobs.

Community singing towards the end of long shifts.

Scientific color schemes to reduce eye-strain.

Library service and bank and mail facilities.

Music at certain periods has been found to increase production because it relieves boredom. One big textile factory uses it alternate half-hours. (Incessant music was found tiresome and inclined to lull rather than stimulate.)

The bank and mail facilities are obviously an enormous advantage, and the library service encourages workers to spend their leisure quietly, reducing fatigue.

Conscientious workers

WOMEN are usually credited with a higher absentee rate than men. But no thoroughly reliable absentee figures have yet been compiled in Australia.

In the opinion of many experts in planning production it is unlikely that women are away from work more often than men.

Of one thing I am sure—that women are highly conscientious and have a strong sense of responsibility.

The very cause of much of their absence—their home worries—are also in a measure their incentive, for all want to hasten the day when the shadow of war is removed from their homes.

It should be remembered also that on monotonous work requiring patience and dexterity, women have proved as much as two and three times as efficient as men.

Nevertheless, absenteeism is sufficiently high to cause grave concern to the Government, employers, and trade unions. This year thousands more women will enter industry, so that the reasons for their absences are particularly important.

Many of the foregoing causes can be remedied. More difficult to handle is the cynicism of a small section of workers.

These people were without jobs in the depression. Some had no jobs for many years.

The war has brought them comparative prosperity, but they are doubtful that this prosperity will continue after the war.

Responsible unions fighting for justice and equality for women workers have stressed that the fact that employers may make some money from the war is unimportant.

"It is you, the workers, who will finally gain if you earn the right to victory," say these union leaders.

The establishment of the Ministry of Post-War Reconstruction should do much to assure workers that after the war they will not be forgotten.

Servicewomen throng our Club's first big dance



HAPPY DANCERS. Servicewomen and their partners on the dance floor at The Australian Women's Weekly Club.



MOTHER AND SON. A.c.w. D. Bentley met her son, Petty-Officer T. P. Curran, at our club, both on 'unexpected leave'.



WATCHING FLOOR SHOW. Wrens, sailors, and Waaafs appreciate radio and stage stars who give their services at Club's special 'guest nights'.



SEEING STARS. Jack Davey and Alan Coad talked to V.A.D. Edna Ingersoll, Corporal Kath Moffatt, and V.A.D. Norma Bevan at supper after the show.



BROTHER AND SISTER. Sgt.-Pilot Ken Murray (right) and A.c.w. Gwen-neth Murray (next to him) enjoyed milk-shakes at the Club's snack-bar.

THYNNE was a frequent Sunday visitor with us, but never on a week-day, and least of all at so early an hour of the morning. He was coming down the path with an air of desperate haste. Upon reaching us, he was so winded he couldn't speak for a moment. At last he managed to gasp out, "You've not heard?"

"Heard what?" asked Tom.

"Garth," said Thynne, "Nellie Garth—she's killed the captain of the Neptune!"

One week later, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Nellie Garth was brought from the guardroom at the marine barracks to the building near Government House where the criminal court was held.

The court was held in a large bare room with whitewashed walls, furnished with benches for the spectators, and in the rear of the room was a place where convicts might stand.

High feeling prevailed in the settlement at this time against the masters and officers of the Second Fleet transports who had so cruelly abused the convicts under their charge.

This was true not only of the convicts. I believe that every decent freeman, from the Governor down, felt the same indignation, but their sentiments were kept under cover of necessity. To the convicts Garth had become a champion, the one among them with the courage to act in their behalf, and the felons awaited the outcome of her trial with intense interest and anxiety. Mortimer Thynne had asked for and been granted permission to appear as Garth's attorney.

The clerk rapped for order.

"Elen Garth, stand forth!" said the judge advocate.

Nellie stood with her hands resting on the rail in front of her as the charge was read.

"Elen Garth, you have heard the

charge against you. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"Call the first witness," said the judge advocate.

This was the purser of the Neptune, a low-browed, heavy-jowled man of forty or thereabout, with small, cruel, crafty-looking eyes.

"You are Martin Dowd, purser of the transport Neptune?"

"Re-late the circumstances on the evening of June thirtieth, when you last saw the captain of your vessel."

"On the afternoon of that day, sir, I come ashore to the marquee we set up to sell the bit of trade we brought out from England, at great trouble and expense . . . to ourselves, for the good of the Colony here. Captain Narker was about his business in the town. He went off to the ship for his supper and came back about eight o'clock. We took turns sleepin' in the marquee, to see all was safe with our goods, and that was his night to stay."

"I went off to the ship and was roused by the second mate at four in the morning. He told me the captain had been murdered in the tent by one of the convicts."

"Was Captain Narker alone in the marquee when you last saw him?"

"Yes, your honor."

The next witness was a young convict woman who had come out in the Neptune. She was a well-dressed, bold-faced wench, and it was plain, from her buxom appearance, that she had shared none of the hardships of the other women on the voyage from England.

"What is your name?" asked the court.

"Flo Billings, please your honor."

"You were acquainted with Captain Narker of the transport Neptune?"

"I was, your honor, in a manner of speakin'."

"You were with him on the night of his death?"

"Yes, your honor."

Botany Bay

Continued from page 5

"Relate to the court what happened on that night."

"Well, sir, Captain Narker sent word I was to slip out, come dark, and go to the Neptune's marquee. The captain was settin' by a box of his goods used for a table. He had a bottle of spirits on it. It's a cold night, Plo, said he, and we drank the bottle betwixt us."

"I was that sleepy I dozed off then. I was roused by hearing him groanin', and it was like a chokin' and stranglin' for air. The candle was still burnin'. I was scared, but I got to my hands and knees and looked around. I seen the captain down on his back, and the woman in the box yonder settin' astride of him with her hands around his neck. Blood was streamin' down the side of her face and she was breathin' hard."

"Her back was to me at first, but when she got up she looked at the body for a minute; then she was gone. I began to yell 'Murder! Murder!' and I kept screamin' till the soldiers came."

"You recognise the prisoner as the woman who was in the tent?" asked the court.

"Yes, your honor. I saw her as plain as I see her now."

"Questions?" asked the judge advocate.

Thynne turned to Garth, who shook her head.

"No questions, your honor."

This brought the testimony to a close. The court-room was cleared of the spectators, and Garth was taken back to the guardroom. The crowd outside the court-room gathered in groups, talking in low voices as they waited the verdict. Goodwin, Oakley, Nick Sabb and I stood together, too sore at heart for speech.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour passed between the clearing of the court-room and the reopening of the doors for the announcement of the verdict. This time, as she passed with her guards, Nellie saw us and gave us a grim smile.

"Bless her!" said Oakley, in a low voice. "She's lookin' death in the face, and knows it!"

Garth stood quietly facing the judge advocate as he rose to announce the court's decision.

"Elen Garth, this court finds you guilty of wilful murder. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced upon you?"

"I killed him, sir," Garth replied, in a clear, steady voice, "and I'll abide the punishment. As for why it was done, ask my dead boy and the many who were murdered with him by the captain of the Neptune. I'll add this, your honor: If it was to do over again, I'd not stay my hand. I have no more to say."

As Garth finished speaking, a woman convict in the crowd by the open door shouted, "Free her, judge! Let her go!" and immediately a babble of voices rose in a tumult of shouting: "Free her! Free her! . . . Hang the captain! . . . Hang the villains! . . . They're the murderers!"

The clerk pounded with his gavel, and the judge advocate shouted: "Silence! Silence! Order! Do you hear?" But his voice was all but lost in the clamor that came from the convicts crowded at the doors and windows.

At last quiet was restored, but the convicts, who had been driven back from the doors and windows, pressed forward again, despite the efforts to hold them back, to hear sentence pronounced. The judge advocate was both shocked and frightened by the boldness and determination of the half-starved felons. He stood, grimly waiting for quiet to be restored, but his voice was shaking as he turned to Garth to pronounce sentence.

"Elen Garth, this court, having found you guilty of the crime charged against you, doth order that, on July fifth, next, at ten o'clock of the morning, you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul!"

I thought there would be another outburst at this moment, but not a voice was raised. Thynne, who was standing beside the prisoners' box, stepped forward.

"Your honor, have I leave to speak?"

The judge advocate nodded, and Thynne spoke with a quiet eloquence the more impressive because of the sincerity that lay behind his words.

"Your honor," he concluded, "I well know that, by the just laws of our land, the honorable members

of this court, having found the prisoner guilty of the crime charged against her, have no choice in the matter of sentence. They are compelled to condemn her to death. But it is within their power to make a recommendation of mercy."

"Surely, sir, if ever a prisoner standing before the dread bar of the law has deserved mercy, it is the unhappy and truly good woman for whose life I plead."

Three days passed with no news as to Garth's fate, but on July fourth we learned that no plea for clemency had been made by the court and that sentence would be carried out on the following morning.

When we had finished the evening chores, we sat in the Goodwins' small living-room, talking little, in low voices, as though we had been in the presence of Garth's dead body.

The time dragged on towards midnight. Bella, worn out by grief and anxiety, went to her bed. Dan and I were dozing in our chairs when Oakley burst into the room.

"Wait!" he said, breathing hard. "I've run all the way home! Lads, she's out! Free! . . . No, not pardoned! There's been a riot . . . gaol delivery! They broke in the door and set her loose!"

Tom nodded. "Ye never saw such a mob! The soldiers was too late . . . Wait; I'll tell ye how it was from the start. I was waiting for the Reverend Johnson to arrange for the body, till close to ten o'clock. The town was quiet as the grave by then; ye'd never have guessed there was trouble afoot. Thynne and I waited another half hour, thinking the chaplain might come, late as it was. Then a wild uproar broke loose among the huts across the end of the cove."

"We never guessed what was up, at first. I thought it was a free-for-all amongst the huts, but it wasn't two ticks till we knew this was something beyond a fight. We heard a crashing and banging from the direction of the gaol, and the drums began to beat the alarm from the barracks. Then away I went, cursing myself for knowing naught of such a plan before, and them that had it in hand, for saying naught of it to me, the oldest friend Nellie's got."

"Likely there was no plan made," said Goodwin. "But who could have egged them on to it?"

"I'm coming to that. Every convict able to stir was packed round the gaol, and they paid no heed to the drums beatin' the muster at barracks. They just broke free and charged the prison door. Those next the gaol was bashin' at the door with the trunk of a tree, and before I could get near, down it went. A rush was made then. There was no getting near the door for the mob, but I knew by the cheers and yells that Nellie was out and away into the bush. And Moll Cudlip as well."

"Moll Cudlip?"

"Aye, for 'twas Moll that led the crowd that broke in the door. Hugh, d'ye mind the thrashing Nellie gave th' woman in Newgate? Who'd ha' thought Cudlip would pay anyone back with good? But she was one of the leaders, certain. She was seen and close to being took for she was swaggin' and yelling by the gaol when the marines came. She broke loose, though, and has gone bush herself, like as not. I don't wait to hear what happened after. Good luck to her!"

Goodwin shook his head gloomily. "Free. Aye, for to-night, to-morrow, but where can she go? To starve in the bush? They'll take her."

"Never, Dan. The getting loose was none of Nellie's work, but now that she's clear she'll not be took again. She'll die first."

One Sunday a fortnight after Nellie Garth's escape, Sally had come to spend the day at Blackwattle Bay. Whether the others knew how matters stood between us, we didn't know. Likely they did, though we had said nothing of the matter. There were rumors that the Governor was planning to put some of the staidest convicts on farms of their own, and my hope was that that all of us at Blackwattle Bay might be permitted to settle on some fine land Oakley and I had seen on the upper Hawkesbury when we went with Pattagorang in search of the missing convicts.

If that should happen, Sally and

Animal Antics



"You win, Adolphus—hands down!"

I planned to marry without further delay.

Goodwin had had good luck with the fishing that morning. He returned at midday with the boat half filled, and directly dinner was over he and Tom had taken the fish to the settlement.

It was not until late in the evening that we made out the boat coming round the point.

Tom called out, "Hugh, are you there? We've news. There's a ship from America lying in Sydney Cove."

Speaking in turn, Dan and Tom gave us the news. The ship was the brig Harriet, from Boston, homeward bound now from China. The captain had learned, before leaving America, of the new settlement then being made at Botany Bay and had brought with him three hundred tons of cargo, both salt beef and spirits, on the chance of selling it there. Governor Phillips was more than willing to buy the stores offered, and the ship was to leave as soon as they could be taken ashore.

We talked until past midnight, then went to our beds, but I had no wink of sleep, and needed none. Escape, escape, escape—the word kept repeating itself in my mind.

It was impossible to lie quietly in bed under the impulse to action of these reflections. I rose, dressed hastily, and was going towards the beach when I saw Sally coming towards me from the pier. She put her hands on my shoulders and her voice trembled as she spoke. "I knew you would come, but I couldn't have waited longer. Hugh, we're going. You've come to tell me that, haven't you?"

Before I could speak, she put her fingers over my lips.

"I know what you would say: I am to go in any case. Never! Not without you. We go together or not at all!"

"Have you forgotten the French ships that came to Botany Bay?" I said. "There may be a better chance for me in an American ship, but I doubt it. My chance will be one in a hundred, perhaps."

"Hush! It is far better than that. To-morrow I will return to the settlement. I will tell the O'Days that I wish to take this chance to return home. I will see this American captain to ask for a passage to America. And I will tell him about you—about us."

"It won't do, Sally. The ship will be so thoroughly searched before she sails, not even a rat could escape being found."

"I said nothing of hiding in the ship."

"Then I am to walk boldly aboard with you and wave my hand to the soldiers as we leave the cove?"

"Hugh, how slow-witted you are! You could, perhaps, walk as far as Botany Bay?"

I stared at her. "It might be done! It might well be done!"

"It will be done," she replied quietly. "I will be in no haste in speaking to this captain. I must see him first, make friends with him. He will be a hard man indeed if I cannot persuade or bribe him to send a boat ashore for you at Botany Bay."

"Sally, supposing it succeeds, as we plan—"

"It will! It must!"

"Think of the Goodwins, of Tom Oakley. If the captain will consent to take me—"

Please turn to page 19

Ginger links up with Air Force trainees

New variety show from 2GB

Ginger, the wooden-headed Romeo and ventriloquial protege of Mal Verco, has cancelled all his other radio engagements and will in future be starred in a new half-hour variety show, which will be broadcast from 2GB and other stations throughout Australia at 7.30 every Saturday night.

THE new programme places emphasis on melody and comedy, and Mal Verco and Ginger will be joined by host and compere, Reg Johnston, and supported by soprano Hilda Farmilo, tenor Albert Miller, and the Mannie Fisher Sextet.

Hilda Farmilo has made splendid progress since she was "discovered" by Jack Lumadine, while the Mannie Fisher Sextet will be remembered for their work in "Melody Riddle."

For these broadcasts Ginger has been completely re-outfitted, and will make his appearance in a smart Air Training Corps uniform. Behind this there is a story.

For some time Ginger has given his services as an entertainer for various branches of the services, including the Air Training Corps, which puts aspiring young airmen through their first training.

Recently Sir Donald Cameron made the suggestion that Ginger should be the mascot of the corps. This was agreed to. Ginger will in future wear the A.T.C. uniform, and so help interest young people in the splendid work of this organisation. He will entertain the boys at their concerts, and generally lend his assistance in any way possible.



GINGER, ventriloquial protege of Mal Verco, in his new Air Training Corps uniform.

Each programme of the new revue will be a complete half-hour show. The guest star for the premiere on Saturday, February 13, is Al Thomas, while other artists who will appear in this role—there will be a guest artist every week—are Kitty Bluett, Bettie Dickson, Thelma Scott, and George Willoughby.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, February 10—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 11—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." In "Gems of Melody and Thought."

FRIDAY, February 12—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve.

SATURDAY, February 13—Goodie Reeve in "Melody Couplets."

SUNDAY, February 14—"Examining the Wide Range."

MONDAY, February 15—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, February 16—"Musical Alphabet." Also ballet music.

Film Reviews

★★★ HATTER'S CASTLE

(Week's Best Release)

Robert Newton, Deborah Kerr, (Paramount.)

THE picturisation of A. J. Cronin's brilliant novel, "Hatter's Castle," is a morbid tale, saved by superb acting.

This film captures all the powerful tragedy and drama of the Cronin story.

Robert Newton's portrayal of James Brodie, an arrogant and brutal Scottish tyrant, is magnificent. Lovely Deborah Kerr is cast as Brodie's ill-fated daughter.

Erin Stamp-Taylor is the barmaid and Emily Williams a money-flouting employee in Brodie's shop. —Embassy; showing.

★★★ WEEK-END IN HAVANA

Alice Faye, John Payne, Carmen Miranda, Cesar Romero. (20th Century-Fox.)

PRODUCED in glorious color this is a light musical comedy story of a shop girl's long-dreamed-of cruise which nearly ends disastrously when the ship goes aground en route to Havana.

Alice Faye plays the shop girl, and Payne is the young man assigned to see that she has a good time.

Carmen Miranda has three of her own particular brand of humbers—"Week-end in Havana," "When I Love I Love," and "The Nanny," and a demonstration of the Miranda likeness in a colorful dance. —Regent; showing.

★★★ THE LADY IS WILLING

Marlene Dietrich, Fred MacMurray, (Columbia.)

MARLENE DIETRICH and Fred MacMurray are the intriguing romantic team in this racy and sophisticated marital farce.

Marlene portrays a stage star who wants to adopt a foundling baby. Learning that to get legal possession of the child she must have a husband, she engineers a marriage of convenience with Fred MacMurray.

Fine performances are given by the stars, and the baby is delightful.—Lycum; showing.

★★★ THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE

Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, (Columbia.)

SPRIGHTLY, light-hearted fare with Joan Crawford as a career girl immersed in big business and Melvyn Douglas a happy-go-lucky reporter bent on showing up her company's arbitrary methods.

Billie Burke is aptly cast as Joan's mother, and Allen Jenkins provides some delightful comedy.

This picture is adult entertainment with amusing and explosive episodes and snappy dialogue.—State; showing.

★ GIRL TROUBLE

Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, (20th Century-Fox.)

DESPITE an attractive cast, this romantic farce misses the grade because of labored comedy and a weak script.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

The story features Don Ameche as the owner of a South American rubber plantation, and the situation gets very complicated when pretty Joan Bennett accepts a job as his maid.

Alan Dinehart plays Joan's attorney with amusing sobriety, and Billie Burke is well cast as the flirty dowager.—Mayfair; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Wake Island. U.S. Marines real-life heroic exploit of Pacific War, with grand performances from Brian Donlevy and cast. —Plaza; 6th week.

★★★ Reap the Wild Wind. Glorious technicolor adventure of 1820's Florida with Goddard, Milland.—Prince Edward; 7th week.

★★★ Mrs. Miniver. Heartwarming classic of wartime England with Greer Garson.—Liberty; 20th week.

★★★ Palm Beach Story. Exhilarating marital comedy with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Rudy Vallee.—Century; 2nd week.

★★★ Crossroads. William Powell and Hedy Lamarr share an absorbing story of criminal blackmail in pre-war Paris.—St. James; 3rd week.

★★★ Two Yanks in Trinidad. Brawling army buddies, Brian Donlevy, Pat O'Brien, with Janet Blair.—Victory; 3rd week.

Two new star teams

Cabled from Hollywood by VIOLA MACDONALD

TWO big, new star-teams, one singing and one romantic, are being launched in Hollywood, and they may yet be as popular combinations as MacDonald-Eddy and Garbo-Gilbert.

The singing team is that of Irene Manning and Dennis Morgan, at Warner. Irene, beautiful, blonde, American light-opera star, has appeared opposite Morgan in "The Desert Song," and made "The Big Shot" with Humphrey Bogart.

You will see Irene and Dennis after these films in "Mississippi," a musical of the South. The studio is seeking other vehicles for them.

The romantic team consists of two people already great, individual stars. They are Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. Paramount's decision to team this pair followed their playing of Jordan and Maria in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Now it is to be Cooper and Bergman in "Saratoga Trunk," adapted from Edna Ferber's best-seller. Their future stories are to be announced.

JUDY GARLAND, who has separated from her husband, David Rose, made only one public statement on the matter. . . "this is a trial separation." Rose, who is now in the Air Corps, stated, "Judy and I have weathered so many storms in the past that I feel sure this will pass."

Judy's intimates declare that the star was unhappy under conditions in which Rose was so wrapped up in his musical career that he had no time to devote to her. Judy, who is delicate, is worrying her friends by her thinness, but she is closer to her devoted family than ever. Her constant companion is her sister Sue.

MARTHA RAYE has proved so popular with the troops on her overseas camp tours in Britain,

Northern Ireland, and North Africa) that she has received a cable from Fox asking her to sign a long-term contract. Martha, who was let out from Paramount some years ago, has accepted the offer.

THE gossip says that George Raft has flown East to talk over the possibility of a divorce with his estranged wife. Mr. and Mrs. Raft have been separated for 14 years. Raft hopes to obtain her consent to the suit—a consent she has steadfastly refused in the past—and so eventually to marry Betty Grable.

FRENCH actor Jean Pierre Aumont escorted Anne Shirley to the war benefit premiere of Noel Coward's film "In Which We Serve." Jeanette MacDonald attended the same function, escorted by a soldier, a sailor, and a marine.

NELSON EDDY has dyed his hair dark, and will also wear a moustache, for the role of the opera star in Universal's remake, "Phantom of the Opera." The phantom himself will be Claude Rains.

DIRECTOR Charles Vidor is being divorced by actress Karen Morley, who charges him with cruelty, and who, when the decree is final, gets the custody of their nine-year-old boy Michael. Vidor himself is expected to marry starlet Evelyn Keyes when he is free.

IRENE MANNING has turned over her luxurious home for a month to two girl defence factory workers. Irene is going on a camp tour, and the girl workers will be her guests free.

Botany Bay

Continued from page 18

"WHY not the others? I could ask, perhaps. She broke off, and then added, 'Hugh, we must not. The risk would be too great. Call me selfish, if you like, but I think of you first. With more than you, the chance of failure would be far greater.'

"There will be no need to go to Botany Bay if the others come. We can avoid that danger altogether."

"Avoid it? How? . . . Oh! I see it! You would come in the boat!" The moment I spoke of the plan, Sally was as strongly in favor of it as I. We could steal out at night—the Goodwins, with young Tommy, Oakley and I—and meet the brig well off the coast.

Late as the hour was, we were too impatient to wait for day to discuss this matter with the others. Sally went to wake the Goodwins while I routed Tom out, and a few moments later we were gathered in the small bare living-room at the Goodwins' house.

Together, interrupting one another as we spoke, Sally and I outlined our plan. When we had finished, I turned to Goodwin.

"Well, Dan?"

"It's champion, champion," he said. "But I fear to take hope. If the captain says nay—"

"But he won't! He can't!" Sally broke in. "Here you must depend on me. If money can win him, I have three hundred pounds, and he shall have it all."

Tom's eyes widened. "Three hundred pounds! Bless ye, Miss Sally! It's done, then! We're gone, as certain as sunrise!"

We then discussed how best to avoid the need of any communications on Sally's part, and it was agreed that Goodwin should go to Sydney with Bella, on the day the brig sailed. If we had no further word from Sally, we would understand that the captain had agreed to take us. In that case we would steal out in the boat the night following the sailing of the brig and meet her off the white cliffs to the south of Botany Bay.

With a light easterly breeze, we could reach that place in four hours. If there should be no wind, we could still manage the distance, rowing, in from six to eight hours. Sally was to beg the captain to wait twenty-four hours, in case of need.

Hope and love of life revived in all of us during the days that followed. Had not the thought of Nellie cast a shadow over our hearts, we would have been almost gay. As a gift for the brig's captain we decided to take one of Garth's pigs, a crate of fowls and as many vege-

tables as we could collect from our garden.

On the Monday, Dan remained in Sydney to learn the time set for the brig's departure, not yet announced, while Tom and I sailed the boat home.

"I shouldn't wonder if I'll be tomorrow or the day after," Tom remarked. "Hugh, I'll be obliged to speak to Thyne. I can't go like as if I was deserting my boy."

"He can be trusted, that's certain," I replied.

"I'm glad ye feel so. If we come safe through, soon or late I'll find a way to send for the lad."

Presently Goodwin arrived. "It's to-morrow, lads!" he said.

Tom glanced at him. "What d'ye look so glum about?" he asked.

"I'm worried. Captain Campbell's sent word that we're not to go fishing to-morrow. He wants the use of the boat afore noon."

Tom laughed. "Be easy, Dan. It's naught. Like as not, he's begged the boat from the Governor for a picnic with some of the officers and their ladies."

Our boat had been used for such excursions in the past, and I said, "Tom's right. Ten to one they're going to Cockatoo Island, to come home in the evening. We can leave well before midnight."

We talked late that night. We refused to be worried over the order for the boat. I fell asleep feeling as certain of escape as if New South Wales were already a hundred leagues astern.

The sun was an hour up next day when we reached Sydney. We furlled our sails and pulled into the cove, passing close to the Harriet's side. The Governor was on board and the quarter-deck thronged with Sydney's notables. In spite of myself, my eyes were fixed on Sally, standing in talk with Mrs. O'Day. She gazed at me without a sign of recognition.

We tied up at the pier and an hour had passed when I heard the chain of the men at the windlass. The Harriet was well manned; sail after sail was set with a smartness which would have done credit to an English man-o-war. She gathered way, parting the calm water with scarcely a ripple, and a few moments later she was lost to view around Bennelong Point.

A corporal of the New South Wales Corps was approaching us. "Ye're to wait for Lieutenant MacArthur, Captain Campbell's orders."

"Where are we bound, corporal?" I asked.

"Rose Hill. They're sendin' some hard cases from the Scarborough to work there. Stop here till ye're wanted."

He shouldered his musket and marched off, leaving us to exchange

glances that were more than glum. Rose Hill was many miles distant.

It was mid-afternoon when a file of evil-looking convicts was marched down to the pier, led by an officer and guarded by a corporal and six men.

Lieutenant MacArthur, destined in later years to play so great a part in the history of New South Wales, was at this time a young man, in poor health, with a hot, irascible eye, and an air of brooding over some grievance.

"Get them on board," he ordered the corporal curtly. "Four to a thwart."

There was scarcely enough breeze to fill the sails, but once out in the harbor the tide carried us slowly westward. Each mile and each hour that passed added to my uneasiness. We took to the oars, but the boat was too crowded and heavy laden for rowing. The sun set, and it was night when we reached the Parramatta landing place.

"Now, curse them all!" the lieutenant exclaimed. "They were to have met me here. We'll have to camp for the night."

"If ye'll follow me, sir," Dan put in, "I'll guide ye to Rose Hill. I can find the path in the dark."

"That'll do. When I want your help, I'll ask for it!"

We were told to build a large fire and fetch enough wood to keep it burning through the night.

"You'll stop here with the boat," the officer informed Dan, "and take the guard down to fetch another load of these rascals to-morrow."

I overheard this stunning announcement as I tossed a log on the fire, and my heart sank. Dan and I made a pretence of going to sleep in the boat, though we did not close our eyes for a moment. Four marines, with bayonets fixed, stood guard within a few feet of us, and MacArthur was as restless and vigilant as his men, rising to inspect the guard at intervals. The night was the longest and the most anxious of my life.

A detachment of marines from Rose Hill came down to the landing-place just after daybreak, and the corporal and his men were ordered to return to Sydney to fetch the second load of convicts. Every hour of that seemingly endless day was a torment.

We returned to Sydney, reaching Parramatta with the second lot of convicts before dark, and were ordered to wait until morning, when Lieutenant MacArthur would return. But this time the boat was left unguarded. We waited while the sun set and the short winter evening gave place to night.

To be continued

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How do I look in me uniform?
I've enlisted as Official Mascot
for the Air Training Corps.

WHACKO!

My New Show
starts Saturday

(Signed) **GINGER**

Who's in it? . . . Me and Mal, assisted by a big supporting cast. Yes, there's me old pal Reg. Johnston, Hilda Farnilo, Albert Miller, and Monnie Fisher's Sextet (boy! can they swing it!). And I've got something up me sleeve . . . a different guest artist each night.

When it's on . . . Saturday nights at 7.30.
Premiere February 13.

Sat. **2GB** 7.30 p.m.

And here's Sunday night variety.

"Happiness Ahead!"

It's the show you need today, with the stars you always like to hear . . . Kitty Bluett, Ron Randall, Barbara James, and the Melody Men.

Sundays, 9 p.m. **2GB**



WAR PHOTOS. Sister E. A. Heathcote, 1st A.G.H. (returned), Warrant-Officer R. S. Hiltch, and Mrs. I. E. Slingo inspect war-photo exhibition at Morley Johnson's for Legacy Club's War Orphans' Appeal.



RED CROSS SHOP. Varied stock, including children's frocks, handkerchiefs, china, jams, and preserves being set out by Red Cross helpers Mrs. T. V. Newsome and Mrs. I. A. Arthur at the Double Bay Red Cross Shop in New South Head Road, opposite Manning Road.

On and Off Duty.



RECEPTION AT Y.W.C.A. Lieut. G. Parr, U.S. Forces, and his bride, formerly Private Vera Goss, A.W.A.S., cut the cake at their wedding reception at Y.W.C.A.

MEMBERS of bridegroom's A.I.F. unit make guard of honor outside St. Paul's Church, Burwood, when Sergeant David Maurice marries Joy Leah.

Bridegroom, who recently came down after two years' service in Darwin, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Maurice, of Bexley, and Joy is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Leah, of Burwood.

Joy wears tailored gown of gold lame, and carries water-lilies. She is attended by her sister Betty, Faith Maurice, Beryl Grenenger, and Mrs. John Marsden.



NEW CLOTHES FROM OLD. Miss Aileen Slyn and Miss Vida Murphy inspect uniforms and overcoats donated to the Red Cross by Tramways Department.

ATTENDANCE of 500 at opening of new R.S.L. Services Canteen at Lindfield. Guests inspected canteen, which will cater for both men and women of the Services.

Members of women's auxiliary, Mrs. C. H. Finch and Mrs. T. N. Wallis, tell me they are especially pleased with special rest room set aside for servicewomen.

DOROTHY STEVENSON chooses white slipper satin for wedding gown when she marries Sergeant-Pilot George Limbrick at St. James', Burwood.

Bridesmaids Kath Shaw and Ruby Alexander wear blue marquisette over matching taffeta.

Bride is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stevenson, of Burwood, and bridegroom is only son of Mr. F. Limbrick and the late Mrs. Limbrick, of Tasmania.

After ceremony bride's parents receive guests at Amory, Ashfield.

FROM Canowindra comes news of engagement of Peg Genge and William Burge. Peg is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Tom Genge, of The Falls, Canowindra, and her fiancé is the only son of Mrs. I. T. Burge, also of Canowindra.

COMPETITORS in Allied Soldiers' Club scavenger hunt are astounded to find one of clues demands they bring back "one white horse." Sign of relief when announcement is made that china horses will do.

The hunt, which is arranged by committee headed by president, Mrs. R. Hackett, and Edith Bothwell, is tremendous success, and after prizes are awarded committee provides coffee and sandwiches for competitors at club premises in Macleay Street.

Heard Around TOWN

CHILDREN'S Library movement will benefit by performance by Polish-Australian Ballet at the Phillip Park Open Air Theatre, William Street, on February 20.

Australian Stephanie Edye will contribute character dances to the programme, which includes excerpts from "Prince Igor" and diversifications.

ENGAGEMENT of Jeannette Patricia Edwards and A.C.I. Geoffrey Spence, R.A.A.F., is announced. Jeannette is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Edwards, of Rose Bay, and her fiancé is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Spence, also of Rose Bay.

BABY daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Jeffery, born last week at St. Luke's Hospital.

Mrs. Jeffery tells me baby will probably be christened Patricia.

PRETTY Betty Ince, who is now working with the U.S. Army, calls in on her way through Sydney, wearing attractive enamelled American eagle badge on her trim fawn suit.

Sergeant and Mrs. Eric Abrahams, both very brown, as they have been spending much time on the beach during Eric's 10 days' leave, entertain Betty between trains.

HAM moussé made by hostess Mrs. Victor White on rolls at "Austerly" luncheon she gives for members of the Red Cross Special Appeals Auxiliary at their rooms in the Prudential Building after finish of Christmas Card Art Union.

Ice-cream "in buckets" is welcome second course for guests on sweltering hot day. President Lady Gordon says committee's next project is antique glass and china auction, which will take place later in the year.



READING-ROOM. Voluntary worker Mrs. R. Masters helps Corporal F. Appelby choose a magazine at the Forces Reading Room in Hunter Street.



PARTY AT TOWN HALL. The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. R. J. Bartley), Alderman Ashley Buckingham, the Lord Mayor (Ald. Bartley), and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham at the party given at the Lady Mayoress' rooms at the Town Hall.



DOLL'S HOUSE. Red Cross Aide Judith Marshall and Mrs. Nigel Smith, president, Red Cross Seals Appeal at Anthony Hordern's, with the lovely doll's house which is to be first prize in the Seals Guessing Competition, which will be judged on May 1.



ARCHIBALD PRIZE-WINNER. War artist William Dargie, winner of the Archibald Prize for second year in succession, poses at his home in Melbourne with his Scottie, Max.

● Highlight your oldest black frock with a new bodice made from a couple of broad strips in blue and green spotted in black. Salvage a scrap of the blue material for gloves, and the capacious bag is done in green felt.

Mend and make do

NOWADAYS fashion restrictions present many obstacles, so when you are spending your precious coupons on new clothes select goods for their sturdiness and simple austerity lines.

But where there's a will there's a way when it comes to looking charming, and your own individualism and fashion sense can be given full play in the business of renovations.

★ SMART women everywhere have learned the trick of making a virtue of necessity . . . for instance, there's a charming new harlequin fashion developing from the new mend-and-make-do scheme, and from renovations emerge clever new fashions . . .

★ FIRST of all you've got to cast aside your inhibitions and prepare to greet summer with a new attitude . . . if costume jewellery is scarce pin a mid-Victorian posy of fresh flowers in your lapel . . . a cluster of artificial white violets in a cloud of pale blue veiling makes a perfect cocktail hat or crocheted white Dutch bonnet, fresh as a daisy, clapped way back on your head.

★ HANDBAGS are both scarce and expensive, so for evenings make yourself a whopping big one from bright grosgrain ribbon or an over-the-shoulder satchel-bag of striped hopsac linen to complement trim daytime suits.

★ BUT whatever else you do you simply must develop the new harlequin trend and put the contents of your rag-bag to good account. Bedroom slippers are easy to make from scraps . . . the soles can be cut from old cork dinner-mats, while patchwork velvet forms toe and heel pieces.

★ GLOVES with lovely lacy gauntlets are being knitted and crocheted from scraps of colored string left over from the Christmas parcels . . . the multicolored effect is very fetching.

★ FOR important evenings patchwork waistcoats transform your dark suits . . . they're made from scraps of lame and tissue and fastened with old-fashioned crystal buttons . . .

★ HARLEQUIN fashions provide the perfect excuse to introduce audacious color contrasts that are the surest way of restoring an old frock to vivid life . . . The deepest gloom will melt magically before a trio of frocks like the ones Rene has sketched on this page.

—PEG McCARTNEY.

● Dramatic tricolor frock made from remnants. The front is chrome-yellow, the back rich brown, and just for fun one sleeve and draped pocket are done in brown and the other in olive-green.

● An eye-catching yoke and sleeve treatment gives this black frock a new lease of life . . . one side is interpreted in candy-pink and the other in lime-green, and there is a wide half-and-half belt to match.



Rene

JACKETS . . . from English designers



• Off-white and rust Shetland tweed jacket worn with rust tweed skirt in this ELIZABETH MARGETTS model suggests a notion for an extra coat. It is piped with plain tweed.



• Knitted jacket in hound's-tooth check pattern of sage-green and white. It is trimmed with a yellow piping. Here it is combined with a brown skirt, but could top yellow or green.



• Idea for using last year's black wool frock in this MATITA model. Add a jacket trimmed with white pique on collar and pockets and put a touch of white on frock.



What! This job dangerous?..

Yes, unless she protects herself from GERMS

Every day brings its dirty work and the risk of germ infection. Well, we can't dodge the dirty work but we can avoid the danger of those germs. And unless we do we may spread infection through the family. So take care to wash with Guardian Health Soap after every dusty job. Its medicated lather gets rid of germs as well as dirt. And have you tried a refreshing shower with Guardian? You'll love its sparkling-clean lather . . . the way it peeps you up all over.

GUARD AGAINST GERMS WITH
GUARDIAN
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

G.U. 39.26



• Another renovation suggestion from this ISOBEL model comprising herringbone tweed skirt and plain coat. Unpick and face a skirt hem and use material to trim a contrasting coat.

Kidney Trouble Backache

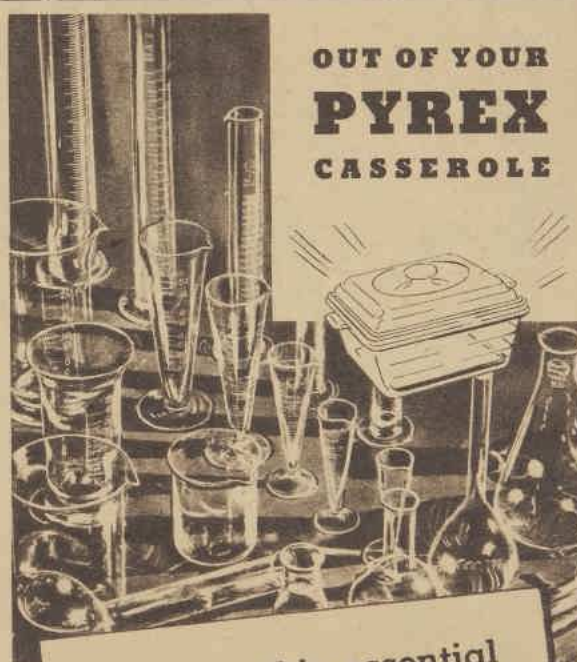
IF YOU SUFFER FROM

Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Nerviness, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles,

Get Cystex

In 2 Sizes—4/-, 8/-, from chemists everywhere.

Money-Back-Guaranteed for KIDNEY, BLADDER, RHEUMATISM.



OUT OF YOUR
PYREX
CASSEROLE

... came this essential
DISPENSARY GLASSWARE

• Every piece of Pyrex you purchased in the past increased the demands on the plant which produced this popular ovenware. The merits of Pyrex put it into most of the kitchens of wise Australian housewives. To meet this demand, the manufacturers maintained an extensive plant which was ready at the outbreak of war to produce, in addition to reduced quantities of Agee Pyrex, innumerable items of glass equipment for use by the fighting services . . . including modern dispensing equipment such as is illustrated here.

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

Smart suits from London



• Black-and-white men's suiting over-checked in coral is material for the **HARDY AMIES** model worn by girl at left, and her hatless companion wears a **MURIEL BELLAMY** suit in green-and-white check. Both suits are good all-purpose garments, casual, yet smart.



• Collarless jacket and skirt comprise this **DORVILLE** model in tweed of cream, green, mauve, and blue checks. Dark green bindings on jacket pick up main color in check.

• White-and-mauve bird's-eye Shetland tweed makes this **MURIEL BELLAMY** model. The bloused jacket is belted in mauve leather which matches the blouse, hat, and combined handbag and gas-mask case.

Long-range planning for winter

• Whether to order a suit or frock for the coming winter is a problem that exercises many women's minds as H coupons begin to dwindle.

A SUIT with a lined jacket needs 23 coupons; a woollen frock 13.

A suit is also more expensive than a frock, but the wise shopper will consider the matter carefully before choosing the frock only because it is cheaper and needs less coupons.

One advantage of a suit is that it can be worn with a washable blouse or sweater, which means a saving in the dry-cleaning bill.

It is also warmer, and if it is of good quality will last for many years.

If you are already supplied with a good suit the obvious choice is a frock, because of its saving of coupons.

In buying either a suit or frock for winter in these rationed days it is unwise to be led away by very gay and unusual designs. Have color by all means, but look over your available shoes and hats first so that you won't have to embark on a complete outfit.

Suit should last

REMEMBER that a good tweed suit should last several seasons, and this year's novelty may be a complete bore two years hence.

It is worth while having a lining for the jacket, even though it takes more coupons. A lining saves wear and tear.

If you are one of those people who "sits out" a skirt, it is a good idea to have a half-lining in the skirt. You may have enough silk for this from an old dress.

On the page opposite are shown some models which suggest ideas for new jackets.

You may have winter frocks or skirts which can be made into ensembles by the purchase of a new top.

Whatever your choice for winter, select it with an eye to your past, present, and future wardrobe.—D.M.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND SLUMBERWEAR

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

relieved by
herbal properties of

Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS

Menthoids cleanse blood streams of poisons which result in headaches, dizziness, kidney and bladder complaints and arthritis. Safe for delicate systems.

Obtainable from all chemists and stores

LARGE FLASKS	SMALL FLASKS
6/6	3/6

(With Free Diet Chart)

Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS

M. 62.

HARBUTT'S
Plasticine

-the original and best modelling material

DAYS GONE BY and DAYS TO COME

The name VANTONA has in the past been synonymous with all that is best in textiles for the home and all who chose them when supplies were unrestricted are now reaping the benefit of their excellent qualities.

Today it is a question of first things first and VANTONA machinery is playing its part. To withstand for the time being, one's natural urge to acquire VANTONA textiles is therefore materially to assist in the Battle for Freedom.

In the happier tomorrow you will again be able to satisfy that desire for household textiles whose style, design, colour and durability have made them famous.

VANTONA "COURT" BEDCOVERS
VANTONA "JOYOUS MORN" TOWELS
VANTONA "BLANSHEETS" COTTON
BLANKETS, SHEETS and QUILTS

VANTONA
Household
TEXTILES

Always look for the VANTONA name tab

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., VANTONA HOUSE,
PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Fashion PATTERNS

F3387.—Attractive style for not-so-slim women. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3352.—Smart afternoon frock with chic inset pieces. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3384.—Youthful, long-torso frock with crisp yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3306.—Appealing little frock for girls 8 to 16 years. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. each of two contrasting materials, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F68.—Trimly tailored blouse featuring a flattering yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

HOW to obtain "VERONICA," "OLIVE," and "AMELIA." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to box 2488, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on page 13. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



F3387

F3352

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

LEFT: Charming collar and cuff set for a high neckline. Available from our Needlework Department in lovely shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon organdie, also white waffle cloth, ready for stitching. Price 2/6, 3 coupons, 3½d. postage.



290

ANOTHER sweet collar and cuff set is illustrated above, featuring cutwork embroidery. In green, lemon, blue, pink organdie, also white waffle cloth, ready for embroidery. Price 2/9, plus 2 coupons, 3½d. postage.

BEACH HAT AND BAG

AT right you see a slick little set for the lass who slips down to the sea for health, for fun, and relaxation.

Both hat and bag come to you with the pattern clearly traced on a linen-like material called "Lynette." This is a good, tough material suitable for hard wear, and embroidered in vivid shades the set should not only be serviceable but decidedly chic.

You can choose between blue, pink, lemon, green, coffee, and white. All you have to do is to cut out, stitch, and embroider.

Complete set, price 6/3, plus 2 coupons, postage 6½d.

Individually: Hat, 3/3 (2 coupons); bag, 3/3 plus 3½d. postage.



291

WHEN ordering this beach hat and bag please quote No. 291.



F2284

F3306



Special Concession Pattern

STURDY SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS.

Sizes: 2 to 3 years.

No. 1: Requires 1½yds. for shirt, and ½yd. for trousers, 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 1½yds. for shirt, and ½yd. for trousers, 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 1½yds. for shirt, and ½yd. for trousers, 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 406P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME STREET SUBURB TOWN STATE SIZE Pattern Coupon, 13 2/43



68

Fashion FROCK SERVICE



"VERONICA" is dainty blouse with unusual yoke featured in crepe satin in ivory, sky, salmon, and magnolia. Available ready to wear only. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 25/11 (6 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 26/11 (6 coupons). Postage 1½d. extra.



"OLIVE" is a sporty tailored blouse interpreted in cotton dimcord in bright red, green, mauve, blue, and rose, all striped in white.

Available ready to wear only. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 17/11 (6 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 19/11 (6 coupons). Post. 1½d. ex.



"AMELIA" is a trim jerkin designed for sports, and is made in pink, blue, rose, sage, and red linen.

Available ready to wear only. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 15/11 (6 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 17/11 (6 coupons). Postage 1½d. extra.

LITTLE HATS

... you can make

● A scrap of felt, a few flowers, some veiling, and ribbons are the simple ingredients. Do make one!

TO make the hat shown on the extreme right you will need a small piece of felt, four yards of blue ribbon about one inch in width, four white flowers, two yards of blue veiling, and some hat elastic.

Cut your felt in the shape of a hat without the nick in the top. Fold your ribbon into loops and stitch firmly together in groups of five.

Stitch an outer border of bunches of ribbon on to the felt, the gathered ends to the edge, the loops overhanging. Next sew on your flowers. These should be one a little behind the other in the front centre, the other pair one behind the other. Then sew in the other bunches of ribbon until you can see no more of the felt.

The veiling should be bunched high at the back and fall to eye level in the front. The easiest way to place this on your hat is to double your length of veiling so that you have a central point.

Now put on your hat and tack the veiling in place in the front. Take the hat off and you will know just where to bunch the veiling at the back. The ends should be allowed to cascade down in a pretty way.

When it is firmly stitched undo the tacking at the front, and you can then wear the veil over your eyes or turned back over the hat.

Attach head-band of elastic and your model is complete.

How to make the flowered hat

THIS time you will need a small piece of felt, two long sprays of pink roses, two yards of hat veiling and a piece of hat elastic.

Cut out the felt as for the blue ribbon hat. Now take one of the sprays of flowers and twist to the same shape. Cut off any over-length of stalk. Now stitch this firmly to the felt, allowing the flowers to overlap a little. Unwind the flowers from the second stalk and stitch each of these to the hat separately until the felt is covered. As they are on thin wires the flowers are easy to bend, and will twist round the first wire spray to give added firmness. Sew on your elastic and arrange the veiling as for the first hat.

Scores upon scores have sprays of flowers tucked away which could be utilised in the making of this pretty hat. It is not essential that roses be used.



SPRAYS OF ROSES mounted on felt and swathed with veiling make this scrap of chic. The veil can be worn as shown, or turned back over the head. Directions are given at left.

How to grow herbs

They ask for little room or care, but yield much in return.

I THINK the production of more herbs in our gardens would eventually lead to a healthier nation, because we should obtain greater enjoyment from our meals.

When cooler days set in the gardener can start to sow seeds of most of the herbs listed below. Many of them are annuals and rather tender, but in our warmer States they can practically all be grown throughout the year.

Mix up one part of good rotted compost, one part rich, sandy loam, and one part sand. That makes an ideal soil for herb seed-boxes. Sterilise this by slowly baking the soil in an oven for an hour or two.

Sow the seed very thinly later on, and keep the soil moist, but not too damp, until germination begins. Then water carefully.

Before transplanting, water both the plants and the holes in which the seedlings are to be placed. Firm the soil well all round. Water lightly, and cover with an inverted flower-pot until the plant becomes re-established.

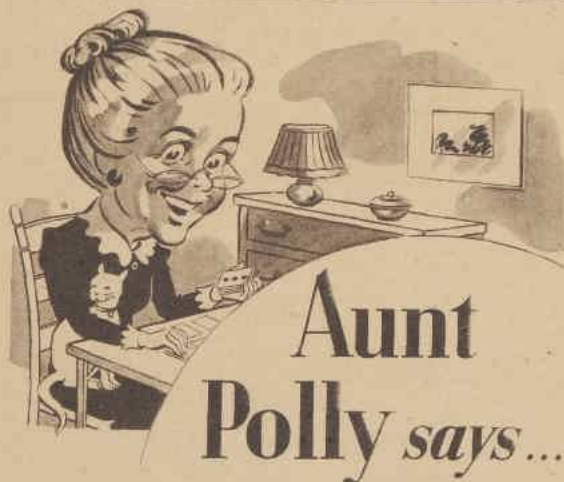
Most of the herbs should be gathered just before the flowers open. They dry best if set out loosely in wire trays in a room that permits of the circulation of air but which excludes the sunlight as bright sunlight tends to dissipate the natural, spicy fragrance contained in the oil of the leaves.

When thoroughly dry many herbs may be crushed or powdered, and should then be stored in glass jars with screw tops. The herbs should be absolutely dry before storing, or mould will develop and cause loss of all the natural aromatic flavor.

The following list of culinary herbs that may be sown and grown in most parts of Australia may prove helpful to gardeners who only know the names of four or five of them.

Anise (a), basil (a), caraway (b), chervil (a), coriander (hardy annual), dill (a), fennel (p), marjoram (p), mint (p), sage (p), summer savory (a), winter savory (p), tarragon (p), thyme (p), parsley (b). The letter (a) indicates annual, (b) biennial (p) perennial.

—Our Home Gardener.



Aunt Polly says...

Why is it the boy you almost married always ends up a major-general?

Fortunately you don't have to be married to a major-general to have clean-pleamin' table linen and sheets! No matter how much money you have, you just can't buy thicker, richer suds than Rinso's. And I'll back Rinso against all-comers to get things really clean.

When the boy next door starts practising the piano, the only thing for me to do is to get out the vacuum cleaner and start singing.

Some folks are always in such a hurry to put their best foot forward they don't care who they step on.

"Fair's fair", I always say. I take as much care over clothes as the next person, but a lot o' credit belongs to Rinso on washday. It's so light-fingered with silks and coloureds no wonder they last.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



A LEVER PRODUCT



KEEPS YOU FIT

To be healthy, you must keep free from constipation. NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant-tasting laxative, relieves constipation overnight. FIGSEN acts gently, yet thoroughly—no pain—no stomach upset. NYAL FIGSEN is sold only by qualified chemists—1/3 a bottle.

NYAL FIGSEN
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

MR. JONES IS A GOOD CITIZEN!
AND HERE'S WHY —

I GO FOR GIBBS BECAUSE IT'S GRAND FOR MY TEETH AND LEAVES ME WITH A GOOD CLEAN TASTE. THEN I SAVE THE EMPTY CONTAINER SO THAT —

...MY WIFE CAN BUY A 1/4 REFILL FOR IT INSTEAD OF PAYING 1/8 EVERY TIME. ... SAVES HER 4¢ AND BESIDES...

...EVERY RE-USED CONTAINER MEANS ONE LESS TO BE MADE... A VALUABLE SAVING IN AUSTRALIA'S PRODUCTIVE EFFORT!

Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice
now in attractive coloured containers.

Large container of 1/8
Dentifrice
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4 1/2

G.26.26.1



A Supper Suggestion

RELAX OCCASIONALLY with friends. It's good for morale. Of course you can't serve a lavish tea or supper, but you can dress up simple foods that gladden the eyes as well as satisfy. This dish of savories pictured at left is given as a suggestion — simple and inexpensive to make. Serve with iced lemon tea.

PLUM SAUCE

Six pounds plums, 3 breakfast cups sugar, 3 breakfast cups water, 3 pints vinegar, 1 cup salt, 2 large apples (or 6 small ones), 2 large onions (or 4 small ones), 1 tablespoon cloves, 1 tablespoon peppercorns, 1 saltspoon cayenne, 2 table-spoons ground ginger.

Boil all together briskly for three hours. Strain through colander and bottle while warm.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Houghton, 183 Carrington Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

MINCE AND LENTIL SQUARE

Cook 1lb. mince with salt and pepper, and when done turn into a large sieve. Take 2 large skinned tomatoes, 2 onions, and 2 potatoes, cut into dice, season with salt and pepper, add 1 cup lentils, cover with water, and boil till soft. Turn into sieve on top of mince and leave to drain. Make a large cup and a quarter of flour into flaky pastry, roll out thinly, place on oven tray, and cover with meat, 1 hard-boiled chopped egg, and vegetable. Cover with a thin layer of pastry and bake in a hot oven till golden brown. Add browning, a little tomato sauce to the strained liquid from the meat and vegetables, thicken, and serve with square. Also nice served cold with salad, and splendid for lunches or picnics.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. R. Schmid, Box 80, Renmark, S.A.

BLACKBERRY PIE

Three-quarters pound flour, 6oz. butter or lard (or mixed), 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch salt, water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1lb. blackberries, 1 dessertspoon butter, sugar, grate of nutmeg.

Pastry: Rub butter or lard into flour sifted with baking powder, sugar, and salt.

Mix to a firm dough with the water and lemon juice. Roll out. Line a deep, round dish with the pastry, and fill with the berries which should be ripe and juicy. Cover with the paste and bake in a fairly hot oven. When paste is cooked, take off lid of paste, put in the butter, sugar (sprinkled over), and the nutmeg, mixing well with a fork. Return to oven to reheat. Replace lid and serve with castor sugar sprinkled on top, and with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. A. Thomson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

ORIENTAL STEAK

Cut 2lb. steak into pieces about 2 by 3 inches and roll in 2 table-spoons flour. Melt 2 table-spoons butter in a pan and brown 1 sliced onion. Remove onion and brown steak in the fat. Add remaining flour and 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, and 1 teaspoon dry mustard (if procurable). Brown lightly. Put all in saucepan and pour over 1½ table-spoons hot vinegar and 2 cups pineapple juice.

Cover tightly and simmer for about 2½ hours, or until steak is tender.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Patricia Parker, 2 Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

Cash prizes for these recipes

● Another batch of our readers collect this week for bright, interesting recipes. Why not enter your family favorite?

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for good, sound, home-tested recipes.

For the best recipe received £1 is paid, and 2/6 each for all others published on this page.

No conditions. Just write out your recipe clearly, check it over, and attach your name and address in block letters.

This week's prize-winners:

PRAWN SAVORY WITH TOMATO JUICE

One cup tomato juice, 1 cup shelled prawns, 1½ teaspoons arrowroot, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, little lemon juice, pinch of celery salt, 12 small pastry cases.

Put tomato juice with the flavorings in a saucepan, and bring to the boil. Moisten the arrowroot with a little water, stir into mixture, add prawns, and heat thoroughly without boiling. Make pastry cases hot, fill with the mixture, and serve immediately on a flat dish garnished with parsley and lemon.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Rogers, 4th Ave., Sandgate, Qld.

CARAMEL NUT APPLES

Cut some peeled apples into quarters. Steam till tender. Let cool, and then dip in caramel icing, made as follows: 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 table-spoons milk.

Bring to the boil, and boil for 5

minutes. Remove from fire, and stir till thick enough to dip apples. Have some mixed nuts put through the mincer. Roll apple-quarters in nuts, set on waxed paper to dry.

These apples keep several days, and make attractive supper dishes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

SWISS CUTLETS

Chop small 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, add 2 table-spoons bread-crumbs, 2 table-spoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley.

Bind all with a beaten egg, form into cutlets, dip in frying batter, drop into boiling fat, and cook until a golden color; scatter grated cheese over them, and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Wilson, 14 Little St., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

COCONUT SHORTBREAD

Quarter-pound butter, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups rolled oats.

Mix all dry ingredients thoroughly. Melt butter and pour in, mixing thoroughly again. Tip into ungreased sandwich tin or shallow cake tin, and press down firmly and evenly with a tablespoon. Bake in a very slow oven for 1 hour. Leave till almost cold, and cut in slices before lifting out of tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Marshall, 1 Cremwell St., Caulfield S.E.7, Vic.

PINEAPPLE PIE WITH CHEESE CRUST

Cheese Crust: 6oz. flour, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 pinch salt, 1½oz. butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½oz. lard, 1 gill cold water.

Filling: Three-quarters cup finely-diced apple, 1 dessertspoon corn-flour, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 table-spoons sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in the fats and add the cheese. Mix to a dry dough with cold water. Line a tart plate with half the pastry, keeping remainder for the top. Combine the filling ingredients and cook in a double boiler for 10 minutes. When cold, place in the tart plate and decorate with strips of the cheese pastry. Bake in hot oven (450 deg.) for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 deg. and cook for a further 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Uren, Clovelly Ave., Clarence Gardens.

ALL-SPICED CREAM TART

Make good short pastry, using ½lb. flour, level teaspoon baking powder, ½lb. dripping, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk and little water. Line a pie plate with portion of this pastry and fill with following:

Apple Mixture: Stew 3 cooking apples, sugar, 1 cup water, add 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1 tablespoon currants, 1 tablespoon raisins, little chopped peel, spice, cinnamon, and ground ginger to taste, 1 teaspoon butter.

When cooked, thicken with a little blended arrowroot, add lastly 1 dessertspoon sherry. Cover over with remainder of pastry, ornament edge,

and cook in moderately hot oven till nice and brown. Serve with either whipped or thin cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

SOLDIERS' COOKIES

Six ounces wheatmeal flour, 3oz. butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. brown sugar, 2oz. raisins, 2oz. dates, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon milk.

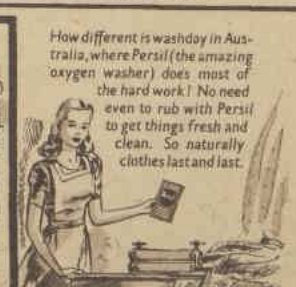
Sift the dry ingredients together. Tip back the roughage. Cream together the butter and brown sugar, beat in the egg-yolk and milk. Add the fruit. Fold in the dry ingredients. Place small rough forks of the mixture on a greased tray. Cook in a moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool, store in an airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Narelle Nixon, 44 Spencer Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

SAVORY PIE

Mince enough cold mutton to make 2 cups. Add 1 finely-chopped onion and 2 tomatoes, pepper and salt, and add tomato sauce to taste and sufficient milk and water to mix to a moist consistency. Place in a greased oven dish and slice tomatoes very thinly over the top. Place on top small strips of fat bacon and arrange about the top about 8 strips of cheese which have been rolled in bacon. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top and bake in a quick oven for 35 minutes. At the same time you could make a jam crumb custard from stale bread, brown sugar, custard powder, vanilla, and milk, thus saving time and money.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Helen Ruff, 16a Ness Avenue, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



OLD FAVORITES...

including mother's apple pie

● According to the vast majority of husbands there has never been anything quite like "Mother's Apple Pie." Occasionally, when consuming your imaginary triumph, they recall to your mind grandma's super tea-rolls or Aunt Sally's custard cream pie. So, to help you gain all the kudos, we give old favorites.

By OLWEN FRANCIS, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A BOWL of fruit can be as decorative on a table as a vase of flowers. Attractive table service peeps up appetite.

Of course, nothing shows up more pitilessly a poor cook's faults than plain, simple dishes.

If an apple pie is made the pastry should almost waft in the breeze from the kitchen window, and the apples in the dish should have a subtle tang of something not quite spice and not quite lemon. If potatoes are mashed they should be as light as a drift of snow, be seasoned with the vaguest suggestion of pepper.

A custard pie, the Waterloo of so many cooks, should have a bottom pastry layer as crisp as its edge, and the filling should cut as clean as a whistle.

Tea-rolls are glorified scones, but if properly glorified they melt in the mouth like luxury cream cakes, and are as satisfying to the memory as they are to the appetite.

What is the difference between a good and an indifferent cook? It's like a love story, just a matter of the heart. If you are interested you can work miracles from next to nothing.

DEEP-DISH APPLE PIE

(For the week-end family dinner, of course)

Six ounces flaky pastry, 3 or 4 apples, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon butter.

Make the flaky pastry, keeping very cold. Slice the apples into a pliedish, and pour over them a hot syrup of the water, brown sugar, lemon rind, cloves (may be omitted) and butter. Cover with the pastry, slitting the edges into flakes with a knife.

Glaze with sugar and water, and place in a hot oven (450 deg. F.). After 10 minutes reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for a further 25 minutes.

Note: Use the cores and peel for making apple water; flavor with lemon rind and serve very cold.

CUSTARD CREAM PIE

(Served cold in this weather with a fruit-salad garnish)

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind or few drops vanilla, pinch salt.

Line an eight-inch pie plate with short pastry and make a fluted standing edge. Combine the beaten eggs, sugar, flavoring and milk, and warm. Spoon carefully into the pie plate which has been glazed with a little beaten egg-white or melted butter. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce the heat to moderate (325 deg. F.) and bake 25 to 30 minutes longer.

ORANGE TEA-ROLLS

(For tea on Sunday after the salad)

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, about 1 cup milk, pinch of salt, and a dash of pepper to season the orange flavor. Cream the butter, sugar, and

orange rind. Add the beaten egg gradually. Stir in the sifted flour, salt and pepper alternately with the milk, mixing to a soft dough. Knead lightly and roll to about 1-inch thickness. Cut into rounds, moisten edge and fold over, nearly into half. Glaze with a little milk and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with butter and honey.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

(For Saturday's supper with whips of cheese on top)

Four to six medium-sized potatoes, flour, pepper and salt, about 2 cups milk, 2 teaspoons butter.

Peel the potatoes, slice thinly. Place in a layer in an ovenproof dish. Season, cover with a thin drift of flour, and dot with butter. Continue this in layers until all the potato is used. Cover with hot milk and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes, or until the potatoes are tender and the top lightly browned.

Note: This dish may be varied by sprinkling each layer with a little finely-chopped ham or with cheese, or chopped hard-boiled eggs.

SPANISH CREAM

(For special occasion menus, with a chocolate, caramel or passion-fruit sauce)

One dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 3 eggs, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups milk, vanilla.

Soften the gelatine in cold water for a few minutes and then stir in the warmed milk. Beat the egg-yolks and sugar, combine with the milk and gelatine, and cook over boiling water for a few minutes until the sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Cool until slightly thickened, and then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and a few drops of vanilla. Turn into a mould and chill until firm.

DUTCH CASSEROLE

(With little hot scones on a Monday night)

Half-pound beef, chuck or round, 1lb. pork, 1lb. liver, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 1/2 pints boiling water, pepper and salt.

Chop the meat into small cubes and fry lightly until browned, and then lift into a casserole. Add the flour to the fat and brown. Add the water, simmer 2 minutes and season. Add the sliced onions to the meat, and pour in the brown sauce. Cook in a slow oven for about 1 1/2 hours. Serve with small, hot scones, flavored with a little finely-chopped bacon, and seasoned with pepper.

CREAMED POTATO should be a miracle of lightness. Here it is piped around a steaming hot meat shape. Carrot balls finish the dish, and an apricot flan completes the menu.

GLAZED APRICOT FLAN

(This gives a party air to a plain Jane menu)

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 3oz. dripping, squeeze of lemon, cold water. About 12 apricots, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in the dripping and mix to a dry dough with the cold water and squeeze of lemon juice. Knead lightly and roll thinly. Line a tart plate, trim and pinch edges and glaze. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes, or until crisp and brown. Halve the apricots and stew in a syrup of the sugar, water, and lemon rind until just tender. Lift into the baked pastry. Blend the arrowroot with a little cold water. Add water to the syrup to make about 1 cup. Stir in the arrowroot, simmer 3 minutes, and then pour over the apricots. Chill and serve with custard or cream.

OLD-FASHIONED CHOCOLATE LOAF

(Warm icing and toasted coconut was the old-time topping)

One cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup boiling water, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 egg.

Dissolve the cocoa in the boiling water and add it to the milk and melted butter. Stir into the sifted flour and sugar. Mix lightly and thoroughly. Add the beaten egg and whip quickly until smooth. Bake in a greased loaf-tin or small slab-tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

LIVER AND LAMB MEAT SHAPE

(Delicious steaming hot or cold with salad)

Two cups finely-minced lamb or veal, 1 cup minced liver, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup brown gravy, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Combine all the ingredients, adding a little more moisture if necessary. Steam in a covered basin for two hours or bake in a greased tin covered with paper, in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes.

Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley, with creamed potato and carrots, or greens and a brown sauce. Sharper flavored with vinegar or Worcestershire sauce.

If serving cold with salad, serve potato salad, eschallots, and salad greens.

LEMON SNOW

(For the children, served with custard)

The rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 1/2 cups water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoons arrowroot or corn-flour, 2 egg-whites.

Blend the arrowroot with a little cold water. Add to the remaining water heated with the lemon juice and rind and sugar. Simmer 3 minutes, stirring continuously. Cool slightly and fold in the egg-whites. The pulp of 1 or 2 passionfruit may be whipped in. Pour into a mould. Chill until thickened. Use the egg-yolks for the accompanying custard.

FLUFFED PARSNIP LAYER PIE

(Piece de resistance for Monday night, using the remains of Sunday's roast)

Three cups mashed parsnips, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, 1 1/2 cups minced cooked lamb, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Whip the beaten egg into the parsnip and add pepper to taste. Line an ovenproof dish with the parsnip. Add the minced lamb,

white sauce, parsley, and onion. Cover with a layer of parsnip. Top the crumbs in the melted butter, add the cheese, and sprinkle on top of the parsnip pie. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) until piping hot and lightly browned about 25 minutes.

SPONGE SANDWICH

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder (or 1 cup self-raising flour), pinch of salt, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons boiling water, flavoring (as vanilla, lemon, or orange).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt 3 times, separate yolks and whites of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and gradually whip in sugar. When sugar has been dissolved in egg-white, and mixture is smooth and stiff, beat in egg-yolks.

When mixture is thick and creamy fold (not stir) in sifted flour and baking powder. Lastly, fold in quickly and lightly the boiling water, melted butter, and flavoring. Pour into two greased 7-inch sandwich-tins. Cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes, or until honey-brown and elastic to touch. Don't open oven door while cooking. Turn on to cooler.

KITCHEN CUTOUTS

Basic Recipe No. 24

CORNFLOUR MOULD

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar or to taste, 2 tablespoons corn-flour.

Blend the cornflour to a thin paste with a little of the cold milk. Heat the remaining milk and sugar. Stir in the cornflour, using a wooden spoon. Bring to simmering point and, stirring continuously, cook for 3 minutes over a low heat or cook for 10 minutes over boiling water. Pour into a wetted mould. When firm and cold turn out and serve with stewed fruit or a fruit sauce.

VARIATIONS

Caramel Mould: Stir into after heating about 1 dessert (or to taste) of caramelised syrup. Use vanilla or lemon flavoring.

Chocolate Mould: Blend about 3 teaspoons of cocoa with the cornflour. Vanilla may also be added, or peppermint essence.

Fruit Mould: One cup of fruit, such as lightly-stewed rhubarb, sliced figs, berries, or any fruit in season to the mould before setting. If the fruit is juicy, add an extra measure of one level tablespoon of cornflour.





Instinctively feminine

To us women Victory is to mean so much. Because of that we wish to take a hand in forging it, by serving wherever our help is needed. Perhaps our usefulness is not always within the sphere of elegance. But that only sharpens our instinctive femininity. Besides, being privileged to serve and still to look one's best does rather sustain buoyancy, for good grooming and morale do go hand in hand.

Put your best face forward—

Gardley

YM4-41

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Duty Flight, Stand By!

Continued from page 4

THE old man followed Williamson eagerly, muttering: "Ah, yes—and the orderly-room. I must see the adjutant."

The rest of the mob was scattered in gloomy groups from the dispersal point to Ops. They were debating on No. 109's chances of wealth and glory, and whether No. 45 would get another opportunity to score that evening.

"You'll be off for the rest of the night," Campion explained when Williamson and Penn went into the operations-room. "Your gunner went off with Henshaw in the ambulance. They were pals, you know, and Entwistle wanted to see him tucked up in dock."

"That's all right. What about that Junkers?"

"That Defiant bloke got it. Skimming the chimney-pots over Colchester."

"Well, now they have forty-nine," Williamson said with anxiety. "Isn't there another alarm on the board?"

"I'm out next, since you haven't a gunner," Campion gloated.

"I do wish I had snaffled that Fokker over Peronne," Penn broke in apologetically. "I had him dead in my sights. He had a green tail, but young Beecham cut across me."

"What's he on about now?" Campion muttered with a glance at Williamson.

"You don't happen to know what became of Beecham, do you?" Penn appealed to Campion.

"Come on," Williamson said, plucking at the old man's sleeve. "I think I can find out all about Beecham. Let's go back to the pilots' room."

"But I should report in, you know. They have my logbook in the orderly-room."

"We can't bother about the adjutant now. These are air-duty hours. You can check in in the morning. Come on!"

The speaker outside requisitioned attention with metallic urgency.

"Duty Flight, stand by! Ten plus raiders approaching Clacton-on-Sea. Duty Flight at Alert! Enemy formation at seventeen-thousand. Duty Flight Scramble!"

"Come on. That's us," Williamson grated into Penn's ear. "Come on, Penn. You want to go, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. At once, sir!"

They went together into the pilots' room, and Williamson wrapped Penn up in whatever kit he could lay his hands on. There was an observer's helmet and gloves on the table. A Mae West was looped over his head and tied with the body tapes.

"Loosen your puttees, and your feet will be warm enough," advised the Beaufighter pilot. "You can do that while we're getting air-borne. You'll love this, Penn!"

The orderly sergeant crashed in, his face a mask of inquiry.

Williamson whirled on him, pointing a pistol finger. "Don't say it, sergeant!" he snapped. "That's an order!"

"But sir! Do we happen to have a Mr. Penn here? There's an official inquiry on the teleprinter from Area Ops, sir. Is daughter—"

"I told you not to say it!" raged Williamson. "Mr. Penn has not as yet reported in. He's not on strength of the squadron yet. You can go back and tell them that!" He was shoving Penn ahead of him. "Come on, Penn."

Together they stumbled into the leaden shadows of the dispersal point. Indistinct figures were holding out the web harness of parachutes and clambering down from the cockpits. Penn was hurriedly strapped into his kit and rammed unceremoniously up the hatch ladder.

Williamson scribbled his time on the log card and set the prop-blades for the take-off. He yelled over his shoulder at Penn: "Don't shoot at anything until I have marked it for you. I'll take the first shot; and if I miss, I'll bring her over hard and you take in with a broadside. Get it?"

Old Penn tapped the key near his elbow, and the white light responded on Williamson's instrument-board.

"Right! Let's go!"

The big shark-nosed Beaufighter rumbled out of the dispersal point, and Williamson picked up the marker-light across the field. The Hercules engines raged against the

restraint until she was around into the wind, and then the prop-blades gorged deep of the air and they were away.

"Calling Pipeclay! Calling Pipeclay! Willy-Nilly air-borne. Give a position, please!" Williamson reported, using his own code name. "Give a position, please."

"Right, Willy-Nilly! Take Area Six at fifteen-thousand. Friendly machine in same area at seventeen-thousand. Take it, Willy-Nilly," the ground station answered.

Williamson listened to the voice and caught himself peering over his shoulder at the shapeless figure aft fumbling in the gun-turret. He wondered now whether he had been fair in exposing the old man to this risk. Still, there was no time to go back now.

After ten minutes of full-out climb, Williamson called again.

"Calling Pipeclay. Willy-Nilly calling Pipeclay. Give me a fix, please."

The same voice came in, and Williamson grinned and searched the inverted bowl of night.

"Calling Willy-Nilly. Willy-Nilly, Position, Major Six. Seventeen, across. Ten, down. Main-tain altitude. Friendly machine at seventeen-thousand."

"Any trade in this area, Junie?" inquired Williamson. "Treat us all alike, you know. We need one more to put it over those Defiant blokes."

"Calling Willy-Nilly. Change course twenty degrees. Twenty degrees, right. Your vector now 112. One-one-two!"

"Thanks, Junie," answered Williamson. "We'll get the one we missed over Peronne."

He caught the sibilant gasp from the radio-locator operator and grinned again. Her voice came back to him in a lower pitch, anxiety spacing her words: "You have seen him?" she asked.

"Reported for duty to-night," answered the Beaufighter pilot, swinging over for the new course.

"We've got to— We can't let him down, Junie. Give us some trade, please."

There was a full forty seconds of charged silence. Junie Penn justified her heritage, swallowed her fear and looked across at the glaring white map spread on the tables below.

"Calling Willy-Nilly," she spoke, calmly. "Calling Willy-Nilly. Enemy formation on true course 348—three-four-eight, to your fix. Ten-plus Ju-88's. Take it! Take it, Willy-Nilly!"

Williamson felt tense with the realisation of what the girl had done. She'd given him a target position, knowing full well her father was aboard that night-fighter slamming through the sky at three-hundred-plus m.p.h.

"Thanks, Junie," he managed to say. "I'll see that he gets back. He wants to report to the adjutant, you know."

"Enemy formation... three-four-eight!" the girl answered. "Take it, Willy-Nilly!"

Williamson answered like a gay trumpeter: "Enemy sighted. Am engaging. Thanks, Junie. I'll be seeing you!"

"He must see the adjutant," the girl responded.

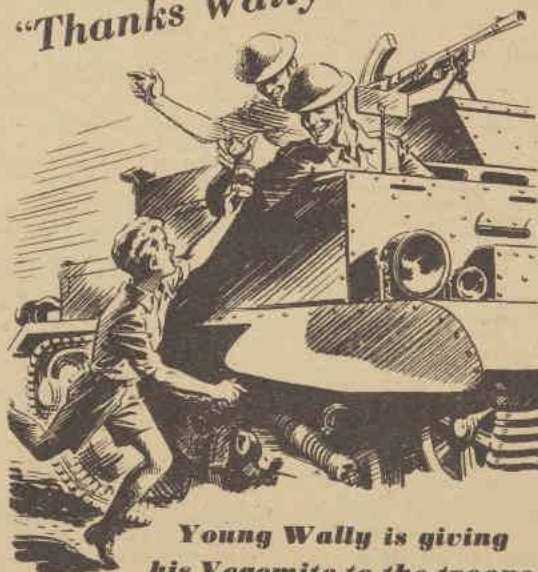
"Tally-ho!" Searchlights outside Chelmsford were fencing through the Junkers formation and the Beaufighter whanged over with a scream and charged in. Williamson tapped the signal key to warn old Penn, and selected the wing-guns button on top of the control column.

The bombers were in a square block formation. Williamson wondered how many long-range fighters were plotted above them. He rammed himself deeper into the bucket seat and went hurtling for a corner Junkers and rammed down the glow-night switch.

The Beaufighter tilted down, and the pilot set the bead dead on the Junkers' nose. A gentle touch on the rudder, and the ring moved across and the button went down.

Please turn to page 31

"Thanks Wally!"



Young Wally is giving his Vegemite to the troops

It may seem strange, but if you and your family use less Vegemite, you are actually helping the War Effort. Vegemite is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B₁, B₂, and P.P. (the anti-pellagria factor). These three vitamins are essential to physical fitness—that is

why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas. So, if you notice less Vegemite in your local shop, just remember that until we have won this war, a lot of Vegemite will be going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia along the road to victory.



VEGEMITE



NOTHING WRONG with this youngster. She is as fit as they come—perfect teeth, good sight, no sign of tonsils or adenoids. She will never be accused of being dull or backward at school.

PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT

By Our Mothercraft Nurse.

PARENTS should have a thorough understanding of the normal development and progress of their babes and growing children, as this is the surest way to recognise any departure from the normal.

There are various signs of progress which are a guide, and one of these is the consistent increase in weight, but it is sometimes possible to have great gain in weight without proper development.

Good nutrition expresses itself in other ways besides weight—in clear eyes, smooth, soft skin, glossy hair, bright, alert expression, etc.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

DEVASTATING ailments, such as diphtheria and whooping cough, should be things of the past, but serious outbreaks still occur. These are unnecessary. Every child can be protected by immunisation. Children should be immunised when between six and 12 months of age. If they haven't been immunised, see that they are done before they go to school.

"I HAVE brought Jim in to see you for an overhaul, Doctor," said Mrs. Barton. "It's not that there is anything wrong with him, but you remember what trouble we had with Bill?"

I remembered quite well. Bill had been eager to go to school and, for a while, had been doing well and enjoying school life to the utmost. But this hadn't lasted, and he became quite a problem child, not only at school but at home, too. He was always in trouble, inattentive, and cheeky.

After a particularly bad day his mother brought him in to see me. The cause of the trouble was one of those things that are obvious but never seen! Bill was found to be hard of hearing, but we soon had him right, and to-day he is a good scholar and a happy boy.

Before children start school they need a thorough overhaul.

Hearing should be attended to—eyes need testing. It is cruel to make a child struggle through school with poor eyesight that is not noticed.

Many kiddies who are really bright and intelligent are accused of being dull and backward. But when they cannot see the blackboard properly, or hear their teacher, they are naturally at a disadvantage.

And it is a mistake to imagine—as some parents do—that they will grow out of the trouble. Better to wear glasses for a few years

now than to go through life with the misery of strained eyes.

Tonsils and adenoids, too, should be attended to before they start school, rather than after.

Then come the teeth. It seems rather hard that young children should suffer with their teeth.

Personally, I think it is the fault of our modern diet—too many sweets and not enough of the foundation foods—milk, meat, cheese, and eggs, fruit, vegetables, and wholemeal bread.

And that brings to mind another important point in this business of starting school. How is the child's resistance to disease? He will be going to a large school and mixing with a greater number of children, so he will be more likely to come in contact with all sorts of ill and ailments. What you have to ask yourself is: Will he be in a physical condition to throw off those childhood complaints, or will he go down to every one that comes along?

The idea that children should go through all these troubles is out of date. Some are better avoided until they are older, others can be avoided altogether. For many, these complaints leave nasty after-effects as ear, eye, or heart conditions.

So give them plenty of milk—a quart per day—meat, fresh fruit and vegetables, exercise, and fresh air.

And here is another suggestion that may not be strictly medical, but can have a big effect on school life. Dress the kiddies in the same type of clothes as the others wear. Youngsters don't like to be different; it gives them an inferiority complex.

A BOON TO HOUSEWIVES

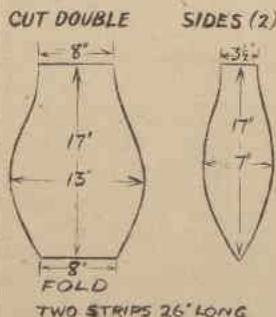
THE shoulder type of shopping-bag illustrated at right will prove a boon to countless housewives.

It is roomy and attractive. It can be carried from the shoulder, thus leaving the hands free. And the cost is practically nothing.

This one was made from a sugar-bag, which was opened out, dyed an attractive wine shade, and then cut according to measurements given in diagrams below. The straps were piped with white scraps of material. When finished it was pressed with hot iron and damp cloth.



HERE you see the capacious and smart-looking shopping-bag made from a sugar-bag. Any strong material would serve if you cannot lay your hands on a sugar-bag. A sugar-bag takes ordinary boiling dye easily and well. Try one!



THE DIAGRAMS with measurements, given above, will aid you in the making of the very attractive shopping-bag pictured above. Its capacity is exceptional. Make it and carry from the shoulder, as shown. You'll find it a boon.



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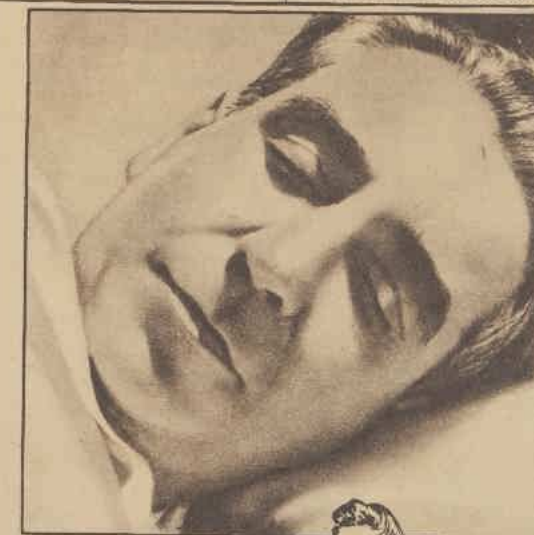
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SH!

he's sleeping like a babe

If you are not getting truly deep, restful sleep—you need Horlicks.

A hot cupful of Horlicks last thing before bed has such a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, it has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep.

Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk—one of the best protective foods. Horlicks is rich in protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts and vitamins that build radiant vitality.

Drink Horlicks hot



HORLICKS

for deep restful sleep

For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for several days. It is a complete food—containing and nourishing for all ages, young and old. It can be taken with water, milk, or any other liquid. It keeps well in the tin and is easy to carry.

Horlicks is a complete food—containing and nourishing for all ages, young and old. It can be taken with water, milk, or any other liquid. It keeps well in the tin and is easy to carry.

Honey-brown beauty can be yours . . .

● It's easy to acquire bronze loveliness if you follow the simple hints given below.

By MARY ROSE,

Beauty Expert in 'The Australian Women's Weekly.'

TIME and time again I've advised youth how to acquire a lovely, even tan without searing and blistering the skin.

Many have taken heed and benefited.

Not so others. It's queer how some girls will select the hottest of days to acquire an even coat of tan.

The result! After spending several hours basking and baking they go home roasted to a turn, and spend the next fortnight wailing, oiling and tending arms, legs and backs. Filled with self-pity they blame everybody but themselves, and resign themselves to a pale, uninteresting summer.

It is the duty of every girl and woman to make and keep herself healthy and fit.

Sunshine is essential to health, but not overdoses of this commodity.

Practically every woman can acquire bronze loveliness if she takes a little care.

The skin should be exposed to the sun's rays gradually.

To help the process, oil or one of the reputable lotions should be rubbed gently into the skin before exposure.

After a while vinegar can be used on legs and back to help the tanning process.

Vinegar, of course, should never be applied to the face.

The skin of certain types simply will not turn a beautiful brown. If you are one of those with very sen-

sitive skins don't boil yourself. Take the sun only for health's sake; a little at a time will suffice.

When on the beach it is advisable for everyone to wear sun-glasses. Choose a good pair, otherwise they will do you more harm than good.

The face and neck should always be shaded in sunshine. And the skin of the face should in all circumstances be well protected.

Following a day at the beach, cleanse the skin of your face and neck with cream or milk. Soap and water is too drying.

Get all the sun you can (without overdoing it), let the salt breezes fill your lungs with renewed life, and you'll go through winter with a lift to your chin and your eyes ashy with radiant health.

Go honey-brown at home

If you cannot get down to the beach you can acquire that coveted honey-brown in your own backyard.

Select a sunny, sheltered spot, slip into your bathers, and expose legs, arms and back for ten minutes only to the vitalising sunshine.

Gradually increase time of exposure to an hour or so.

If you can oil your skin before exposing it to the sun, do so. Oil helps to keep the skin soft and pliant. In addition, it assists in the tanning process.

If you want to expose your face you must protect it with a good cream or oil.

The sun has a decided drying effect on the natural oils of the skin; that is why I stress skin protection.

Wear sun-glasses as you would on the beach unless your eyes are exceptionally strong and unaffected by glare or strong sunshine.



SHE TAKES the tiller like an old salt and exults in every moment of her short voyage—a color picture taken of one of our young lovers of the great outdoors. She is like the countless other devotees of sun, sea and sand. Her eyes are ashy with health. She is lovely to look at, nice to know.

A snappy snood for present wear

If you think this scrap of charm would suit you, make it and wear it morning, noon, or night.

AT left you see one of our very nice girls wearing the latest in snoods.

This is the kind that you can tuck your semi-shingle or shoulder-length hair into and look as voguish and as chic as it is possible for any young thing to look.

This one, as you can see, was fashioned from white knitting cotton. Black would be very effective, but is more expensive and more difficult to obtain.

Materials: 2 balls No. 4 knitting cotton, 1 pr. No. 7 knitting needles, 1 medium-sized crochet hook. Small length elastic.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; inc., increase; dec., decrease; st., stitch; 3 in 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 into one stitch.

Commence at top of crown by casting on 50 sts. (k into back of sts.)

1st Row: K 1, * p 3 tog., 3 in 1. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

2nd and 4th Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * 3 in 1, p 3 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1. These four rows form the pattern, and are repeated throughout. In the 8th and every following 4th row inc. 1 st. at beginning and end of row until inc. to 62 sts.

Continue without shaping for 11 rows.

In the next and every following 4th row inc. 1 st. each end until inc. to 98 sts.

Work 11 rows without shaping. In the next and every alternate row

p 2 tog. each end until 76 sts. remain.

Cast off.

TO FINISH SNOOD

Join edges together at bottom where sides were decreased, thus mitring corners. Commence double crochet at side, about one inch above mitre. Work all around snood firmly and evenly. Then work 1 d.s. into each alternate double crochet across bottom to 1 inch above mitre at opposite side. Fasten off.

Sew elastic at sides, where 2nd shaping commenced, or if desired 2 lengths of crocheted chain could be made.

KNITTING FAULTS

UNEVEN STITCHES. A very common fault. This is caused more often than not by putting work down when only part of a row has been worked. Remedy: Work to end of row always before laying down.

ANOTHER cause is loose knitting. You will soon see if you are allowing wool too much rein. Do not suddenly tug the wool when you do recognise this fault, or you will get an uneven patch. Practise on a spare piece until your tension is right before tackling a real job.

JOINING WOOL: If this is done in the middle of a row it will also cause uneven stitches. See to it that you join on only at ends of rows. You can save the odd lengths for sewing up the garment.



Duty Flight, Stand By!

Continued from page 28

SIX jets of saffron flame spat out from the wing panels and converged with a crash on the bow turret of the bomber Williamson held it and counted three, and ripped her up through a distorted graph of tracer lines. The enemy Knott-Bremse fire rattled off the Beaufighter's wings, and Williamson pounded the signal key again as he rode her over in a climbing turn.

"Your shot, Mr. Fenn!" he yelled then. "You might as well have something to report to the adjutant. Let 'em have it!"

Mr. Fenn brought the turret around with the right foot-pedal. The guns tilted gently, and he set a myopic eye to the sight. There was a wide-winged Junkers below, but to Mr. Fenn it was simply a Pöcker with a green tail. He glanced sideways for young Beecham. His fingers constricted on the trigger bar.

Four Brownings fanged out stridently, and four streams of nickel-jacketed lead rip-sawed into the raider below.

Old Fenn released his grip, once the power oozed from his startled reflexes. He shoved himself back into the saddle seat and wiped the back of his hand across his eyes. The glare from the blazing bomber had devoured the veil bedimming the past. A fireside, thick slabs of buttered toast and a steaming cup of tea were all he required now.

The Beaufighter came around, plating her sides in the glare from the searchlights. A cushion of concussion from a Bofors bounced them, and Williamson fought her into the clear. He peered over.

Beneath the Beaufighter, the enemy plane was hurtling downward in flames. Williamson calmly picked up the flap-mik.

"Willy-Nilly calling! Willy-Nilly calling! Time two-forty-two in Area Six. One enemy aircraft falling flames south of—"

His earphone jangled "Calling Willy-Nilly. Pipeclay calling Willy-Nilly. Break off action and return to station. Break off action. Number Eleven Group will take over."

"They can have it. Do we get that Junkers?" demanded Williamson.

"Please return to station, Willy-Nilly," came the voice of Junie. "Enemy aircraft destroyed as of two-forty-two hours. Confirmed by Area Observer Corps."

"Returning to station," sang Williamson. "Mr. Fenn reporting to the adjutant."

They staged a Beaufighter break-fast when Williamson and Fenn got back. It's a rare type of bedlam. Mr. Fenn, trembling and somewhat awed by the vociferous tumult, was officially clocked in, brazenly de-bagged and suitably branded on each cheek with the squadron censor's stamp. They managed to make him presentable by the time Junie Fenn arrived in the wing-commander's car.

Williamson stared at her with whole-hearted admiration.

"Junie!" he beamed, and the gleam in his eye was hardly alcoholic. "Junie, my sweet! You're a darling. You do get us a Junkers, didn't you?"

She recognised his voice: "You're Willy-Nilly, aren't you? It was splendid of you to—to take him. He'll be so happy now. I don't know how we can thank you."

The bedlam going on about them was totally ignored.

"Well, we're in for two weeks in reserve. There'll be a spot of leave here and there. You could, well—we could," Williamson dithered,—"we could talk it over later, somewhere nice and quiet, couldn't we?"

"It's been done before," she smiled.

"You were grand to give us an area. You could have sent us all over nowhere."

"That wouldn't have settled it. I thought he'd waited long enough. I knew he'd never get another chance."

"Junie," Williamson said, reaching forward and loosening the top button of her tunic, "Junie, you're a fighter!"

"I'll have to be," she said, "to keep up with you."

"Junie!" old Fenn cried, coming out of a wad of Air Force blue and smoke. "Junie! I've seen the adjutant!"

"Splendid!" she responded, drawing him close. "And what did he say?"

"They're glad to have me back, but they'll have to post me to Home Establishment for a while. Plenty of pilots so far."

"I think that's a good idea. You'd better come along now."

Mr. Fenn agreed happily.

Williamson went along too.

(Copyright)

"Is she very bad, madam?" the maid whispered.

"Bronchitis, I think," Terry said briefly. She had nursed a good many childish ailments, but they never ceased to terrify her.

It was a long night. The doctor came, frowned, and ordered a steam kettle and vigilance.

"Pneumonia?" Terry asked, through set lips.

"I hope not. I don't really think so. But one must keep it in mind. I'll be round early in the morning, unless you phone for me before."

Terry was left to her vigil. At first she was sure that Simon would come and share it with her. There had never been a crisis that they hadn't shared. Joy and sorrow, triumph and anxiety—she'd never been alone with any of these before. But Simon did not come.

The night wore on. She had no

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"This treatment will take five years off your appearance. Of course, at first, people will just assume you've been in an accident."

Artist's Wife

Continued from page 2

chance to change her ridiculous, brilliant dress. Sleeping and waking, Ann clung to her.

The immaculate nursery began to look like a slum. Fresh blankets were warming by the fire. Ann's discarded pyjamas lay on the floor. Cups and vacuum flask of hot water left wet rings on the white mantelpiece.

Towards morning Ann slept—heavily and naturally, Terry believed. With infinite caution she lowered her into her cot.

She was too spent now to try to clear up the room. Too weary to change her clothes. She pulled a blanket about her shoulders and crouched by the fire. But her thoughts gave her no peace.

It was five o'clock when she heard the car in the drive. She went cautiously out of the nursery and closed the door. Whatever happened they mustn't wake Ann now.

Alice and Simon came in laughing. And Alice was as lovely as ever. There was no trace of fatigue in her exquisite face.

"Please be quiet," Terry said. "Ann has only just gone to sleep."

Simon looked up at his wife, and all the laughter left his face.

"Ann?" he said. "What's the matter with her?"

"I sent you a message that she was ill before you left the house," Terry said expressionlessly.

Simon looked accusingly at Alice. "You never told me that," he said.

"You only said Terry had decided not to come."

Alice shrugged her shoulders.

"I didn't see why your evening should be spoiled," she said.

"I didn't realise there was anything seriously the matter with the child."

And you've had so much, sordid domesticity, Simon! You, an artist, surrounded by children's illnesses.

It's absurd. You ought to live beautifully. You need freedom—

love—

Simon went up the stairs swiftly and put an arm round Terry.

"Is she really ill?" he asked. "What is it?"

"Bronchitis. But I think she'll be all right now," Terry said.

"I'm sorry, darling. I'd never have left you if I'd known. When Alice told me you weren't coming, I thought you were just sulking about something and I felt too annoyed to come up and try to persuade you."

"It's all right," Terry said gently.

Simon looked at Alice, who had followed them up the stairs.

"You say I need love, Alice," he said, "and you're quite right. But you don't know what love is. You think it means lovely clothes and dances and parties and romantic adoration. But love isn't all roses and romance, Alice."

"It has precious little to do with clothes, and nothing at all to do with pretty speeches. But a million women who are making a home for their families in mean streets could tell you all about it. Love is life, Alice, not the dream of a twenty-year-old."

"But this evening," said Alice, "when we were dancing, you said—"

"I've been dreaming myself."

Simon admitted. "You dangled me into half-believing the nonsense you talked. But it's all right now. I've come back to earth. And I'm very glad to be there."

He turned from Alice, regal and beautiful, to Terry's worn and anxious face.

"You go to bed," he said. "I'll watch Ann."

"But—"

"Won't you trust me?"

"Yes," Terry said, after a moment.

"Of course I will."

Romance might have been in those hard early years of marriage. But trust was with Alice still. And the sort of love that couldn't even begin to understand

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A word of EXPLANATION

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